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Poetry.

THUS RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

BY CHARLES J. DUNPHIE.

Like snowy lilies fleet as fine,
Whose fragrant course is run,
Like dewdrops on the eglantine,
Like frost-work in the sun;
So vanish youth's delightful dreams,
So beauty's charms decay;
Like blossoms strewn on sparkling streams;
Thus runs the world away.

Like foam upon the billows bright,
Like sunset's gorgeous dyes,
Like moonbeams shedding silver light,
Over the jewelled skies;
So, swiftly from our sight glide
Hopes, plans and projects gay,
Alone we roam at eventide;
Thus runs the world away.

Of friends whom ruthless time destroys,
We're, day by day, bereft;
The spectres of our perished joys,
Are all the comrades left;
Love's chain is broken link by link,
We sing the mournful lay,
Forlorn upon life's river brink;
Thus runs the world away.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

The cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child.
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow;
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone;
"O God!" she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
As a fresh storm
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think the babe was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she said,
And sank upon a snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler passed by;
She lay beneath a snowy veil;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was marble pale;
He moved the robe from off the child;
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

Our Story Teller.

COUSIN REBA.

BY HOMER FORT.

I had been practicing law in the city three years when I received a letter from my uncle asking me to visit him. I was not overly practicing, but in reality my cases had been so few I could readily count them on my fingers. Since the day I left college I had ambitiously posed as an eminent jurist, and won notoriety, if not distinction, by my frequencies of appearance in the court rooms during the trial of celebrated cases in which I had no connection. Nature had been kind in my physical development, and placed a white tuft of hair conspicuously to the front of my head, leaving a thick growth of black hirsute in remarkable contrast. This distinguishing mark attracted the eye of the lightning artists and enlisted the diligent descriptions of the reporters on the great dailies. My name appeared, as frequently did my picture, in the list of prominent lawyers present.

There was but one drawback to the unsolicited, but not unwelcome publicity I achieved, and that was the inevitable reference to the fact that I had delivered a series of lectures on evolution before a literary club, which Prof. Huxley declared, after reading them, were in the main correct and followed his ideas closely. This statement prejudiced a large class against me who might have been among my clients, and caused the scientific to denounce me as of ingenuous and ingenious plagiarism. Altogether, as a young bachelor with a moderate income, outside of law practice, I certainly felt that my prospects were flattering.

My uncle, who resided in a small town in the interior of the state, had evidently been reading the city papers. In his letter he said that he was proud to see my name mentioned in connection with such big cases and noted lawyers, but regretted that I had ever consented to lecture about new-fangled notions. In a postscript he added that his stepdaughter, Reba, was "afflicted mentally," and requested me not to speak about the doctrine of evolution in her presence. I could form no other conclusion but that his daughter was insane, a monomaniac, perhaps, on some subjects.

It was the beginning of summer, so I concluded to interfere in any chance clients that might call and defend my uncle's case. I left a card on my office door to the effect that I was taking my usual annual vacation.

As the train sped along towards the town where I pictured myself as being cordially received by the legal fraternity as a noted champion at law, I carefully put from me my less fortunate brethren whose names never got outside the directory. My thoughts finally reverted to my uncle and his stepdaughter. I recalled what I knew of his history.

Samuel Whitlow and my father were the only children of my stern, Puritanical grandfather. My uncle inherited his father's nature, and continually bewailed the degeneracy of the present time. The two brothers, who had ideas so diametrically opposite, drifted apart, one settling in the city and the other in a small country town. Sam Whitlow prospered, married, and in a few years was left a widower without any children. An English lady, Mme. Stanley, a widow with one child, came quietly and resided in the town. She attended the church regularly where my uncle officiated as deacon, contributed liberally to the maintenance of the parish, and promptly accepted an offer of marriage from the the stern, high church member. Two years of great happiness passed when she died, leaving her daughter Reba, then four years old, as a precious charge to her husband. I heard that Reba would have graduated with the highest honors at the academy, but for some unexplained reason her stepfather took her away a few months before the time. That was all. I knew of my uncle and his affairs when the train halted at the depot. There was no brass band to welcome the cosmopolitan lawyer, but a servant was on hand to take charge of my luggage and show me the way to Deacon Whitlow's. I felt somewhat piqued at the absence of the worthy deacon and interrogated the servant:

"The boss, sir wanted to come, but Miss Reba put him out by saying she would enjoy meeting you, too."

"I would have been delighted to meet her, too," I said, wondering why her wish to accompany her father had caused him to stay at home.

In a few moments I reached the house, a two-story frame dwelling, covered in front with trailing wistaria vines, from which hung large bunches of purple and white blossoms. Several shade trees with thick foliage grew in the yard, and a fountain, rusty and long since run dry, completed my hasty observations.

A tall, stern-looking man, with gray hair, met me and invited me in. He did not even apologize for sending a servant to meet me.

"You resemble your father somewhat," he said, when we reached the parlor. The gloom and silence that brooded in the house struck me as soon as I entered. It grew upon me as my kinsman client gave me the brief outlines of the suit I was to defend. It was a relief to go to my room up stairs to prepare for dinner. I threw open the windows and endeavored to break the monotony of the oppressive silence. "Why did I not meet Reba? How did she look? Was she 'afflicted' to the point of unsociability?" These thoughts occupied my mind until dinner.

My uncle escorted me to the dining hall. "Reba will be in presently, and I trust you will be judicious in your conversation with her," he said in a slow, solemn tone. We sat down and were waited upon by two slow and somewhat aged servants. I was relating a case that I had won, the only one I had been successful in out of the few I had been entrusted with, similar to his, when I looked up and saw a beautiful woman approaching. I was startled almost by the sudden vision, and kept my eyes fixed in undisguised admiration upon her. She had large black eyes, fair complexion and an expression that was lovely and attractive beyond description. Her movement was poetry itself as she came up and extended her hand.

"This is my city cousin, the lawyer? We shall make your stay pleasant, shall we not, papa?"

"Yes, Reba, I will do my best, but city folks always entertain themselves, somehow," he answered without looking up.

She took a seate opposite.

"Could it be possible," I asked myself in pain, "that such a lovely creature was afflicted mentally? If so, what form did it assume? Was she epileptic and enjoyed sweet intervals of rational life or subject to long fits of abstraction?"

She looked at me now and then in a sad, significant way, as if I were an object of pity. I did not understand it. Perhaps the white tuft of hair that adorned my head created compassion in her bosom for me. The conversation was confined to local topics, the deacon leading in a dry and uninteresting style. I did not eat much and felt relieved when the meal was over. The law case which had been uppermost in mind was now relegated to a secondary place. Reba, this beautiful, afflicted girl (she was not quite 21 years old) was the sole cynosure of my speculations. I felt irresistibly attracted towards her and resolved to ask my uncle what affected her mentality. If he evaded the question perhaps chance might reveal what I sought to know.

That evening we all three met in the parlor. When I entered Reba was engaged in low and earnest conversation with her stepfather. She immediately ceased talking and turned her face towards me. I saw not the faintest trace of mental disorder in her bright eyes and her expressive countenance. Still I remembered the injunction to be judicious in conversation.

"It is a beautiful night and the moon shines brightly without," I said, with histrionic stress.

The girl's eyes dilated with unconcealed pleasure as she answered:

"Oh, do continue, cousin dear; your moonlight rhapsody, I am sure, will be fine."

It was sweet to be called dear, even with a privileged prefix, by one so lovely, no matter how unbalanced.

"I will repeat Shelley's Ode to the Moon for you, if you like," I responded.

The deacon protested; he didn't desire to hear anything from Shelley. He requested Reba to sing as a compromise

She went to the piano and sang in a sweet voice the Ballad of a Troubadour. I was moved by the purity and crystal-like melody of her notes. She asked me if I sang, and before I knew what answer I made we were singing Mendelssohn's duet, "I would that my love."

It must have brought back tender memories to the deacon. A tear fell from her eyes as she ceased, and she hurriedly bade me good night and departed.

The deacon had buried his face in both his hands. When he looked up his eyes were red and he said in a husky tone of voice:

"I heard her mother sing that way a few days before she died."

I intended to ask all about Reba's mental derangement, but I concluded to wait and not add more anguish to him that night.

I retired, but could not sleep. The melody of Reba's voice rang in my ears and her beautiful face haunted my vision. I got up and dressed, and gazed out of my window at the lovely, moonlight night. It was tempting, so I descended and strolled to the rustic old fountain. Everything was quiet, and the far-off bark of a dog had a lonesome wail in its dying echoes. Suddenly a light beamed from a lower window in the house. It was in Reba's room. I could not refrain from looking, when my heart sank within me at the sight I beheld.

The figure of the girl, clad in white material, that clung in classic folds to her superb form, was standing erect, her long hair falling in wild disorder over her shoulders. In her right hand she held a poniard on high, its bright blade pointed at her bosom.

In imagination I saw the crimson stream stain the white robe, heard the short gasp and moan, and pressed the cold form that lay silent on the floor.

I sprang to my feet and rushed forward; my only impulse being to reach her before she fell. I prayed that some thought would seize her and make her stay her mad purpose but for a minute. I reached the window just as the flashing blade was dashed to the floor, and the girl stood unharmed.

With a single bound I cleared the low window sill and caught her in my arms.

"Reba, for God's sake don't kill yourself!" I cried.

She turned pale and freed herself from my arms. I thought perhaps she would faint. She sat down in a chair and began to laugh heartily. It seemed to amuse her infinitely. My feelings were wrought up to a pitch, and I started to speak harshly to her for such levity, when suddenly it occurred to me that her crazy fit was upon her.

Pity for her condition was more in order than censure.

"Did you take me with the poniard?" she asked, smiling.

When I explained where I was at and how I felt, rushing forward to save her, she said:

"I believe you have the elements of a hero in you. You wanted to save my life, did you not? Perhaps I may give you that chance yet, but only on one condition. Will you promise?"

I promised anything if she would not attempt suicide again.

"Do not tell my father anything what happened to-night. Before you leave for the city I have a plan to disclose to you. Will you trust and believe in me?"

How could I resist such a pleading look? So in order to humor her I agreed.

She then walked to the poinard, picked it up and presented it to me.

She asked me to keep it as a souvenir. As she gave me out on the piazza the grace of a queen, she repeated these lines:

Beneath misfortune's stroke
The firmest mind will fail and stunned depart
From its sage plan of action."

Evidently the unfortunate woman knew that she was insane, or else she never would have uttered words that conveyed that idea.

The next day I met Reba and my uncle at the breakfast table. She was looking bright and saluted me with a smile. She even went so far as to ask me if I had had a good bath that night. I said in my dismay carried me back to the busy scenes of the city.

"What admirable acting; nothing but insanity could make such an utter forgetfulness on her part of the transactions of the night," I thought.

My uncle declared that I looked as if I had not slept a wink, and I felt it decidedly. I was indisposed that day, so I was occupied until nearly sundown in the task of getting a jury. At dinner the deacon persisted in talking about the jurors I had selected, but I told him that if I did not win the suit for him and put the plaintiff in for costs and damages I would charge no fee. That was a huge joke indeed, and in the joy of the moment he said:

"Reba, that is the way big lawyers in the city do things. I think my nephew would make some woman a good husband."

The remark was embarrassing to both of us and brought forth no ready response.

Finally, she colored up like a full-blown rose and said, archly:

"Doubtless he has made a selection already among his many friends in the city."

It now came my turn to protest that I was still free to act as my feelings dictated.

This untimely allusion to marriage by my uncle pretty much checked conversation and I was glad when dinner was over.

As on the first evening of my arrival we enjoyed an hour or so in the parlor. Reba sang divinely and was as chatty and pleasant as if she never had contemplated suicide. Once in the comfort I felt assured of it myself, but for a moment only, with that sad, piteous expression that I observed when we first met. "My white tuft of hair again" I thought.

I was very sleepy and retired early. When I bade father and daughter goodnight in the parlor, I was surprised to see her come forward and offer her hand. Instantly I felt a note and my fingers quickly closed upon it. Its contents were as strange as the writer and as mysterious:

MY NEW FRIEND AND COUSIN:—If the case is finished to-morrow, meet me at midnight near the old fountain. I desire to impart my plans to you. I have prayed for some strong friend like you. REBA.

Her "plans," I imagined, were the rambling fancies of a diseased mind. I resolved to humor her, because I felt sure that she would do herself harm if disturbed in any of her ideas. My interest had been to remain a month, but now my great desire was to finish the case and leave. My sleep was full of sweet dreams about this beautiful girl, and I arose refreshed. The deacon and I had early breakfast alone, and hurried to the Courthouse. There were few witnesses to examine, and by noon the plaintiff's lawyer addressed the jury for three wearisome hours. I knew the jurors were farmers and wanted to get home by sundown, so I spoke five minutes, saying that I did not desire to keep them away from their families, and that I had such a clear case that to argue for hours a self-evident fact to them would be an insult to their intelligence. In a few minutes the jury decided against the plaintiff and mulcted him for costs and damages. My uncle was disappointed because I had made such a short speech, but when the decision was rendered his satisfaction knew no bounds. On the way to his house he slapped me on the back and said that he had something to impart to me the next day. He declared that it would be a surprise.

My anxiety was to get away, for I knew that if I remained much longer I would be a slave to the caprice of a crazy woman. Hence I paid little attention to what my uncle was saying.

After dinner I took a long walk and returned to my room. I read until near midnight and then quietly slipped down the stairs and reached the rusty old fountain. A slight breeze was stirring and wafted the fragrant odor of flowers upon its current. The moon was far down and the Pleiades were holding a carnival of brightness overhead. I had heard that the moon affected the insane, so I stood within the deep shadow of a tree.

"How noble in my uncle to watch over this girl and keep her from going to an asylum," I said in thought. I turned, and at my side, dressed in a black traveling habit, with a valise in her left hand, stood Reba. Her face was pale and her eyes looked as if she had been weeping. She spoke first:

"My plan is simply this: I wish to fly to the city with you."

It took my breath away. It was some minutes before I could answer. "She is crazy as a March hare," I mentally uttered; "so I'll humor her."

"Yes, we will fly to the city, but not tonight. To-morrow I'll get uncle's permission for you to accompany me."

"Oh, no; he'll never consent for you to go anywhere with me. He thinks you are—"

She stopped and looked down. I urged her to finish the sentence.

"That you are afflicted; that you are a monomaniac."

"And pray what do you think?" I asked.

"I think you are just as sane as I am. At first I thought you might be afflicted, but I have no such idea now."

Well, this was a revelation. The girl had thought I was insane. The deacon had evidently told her so because I lectured on evolution.

The next thing I expected her to say was that she wished to fly to the city and marry me, so I resolved to rush on fate and discover her full plan.

"What do you intend to do in the city?" I asked.

"I am studying to be an actress, but my father will never consent. He took me away from school because he heard I was inclined to such a profession."

"Then you are not crazy?" I almost shouted.

I saw it all, the suicide scene was acting. "You are not crazy on religion, are you?" she asked naively as a response.

"I am mad with love," I answered.

By that old rusty fountain two crazy people vowed eternal fidelity, and the same old, old story was repeated.

My uncle, the next day, gave us his blessing, and said that after I had won that case he resolved to make me his heir.

I forgave his peculiar way of expressing Reba's desire to become an actress, and frequently write to him that some "afflictions" are blessings in disguise.

THE GARFIELD FAMILY.

Living at their Old Home at Mentor Again.

The Garfield home, on Prospect street, Cleveland, where Mrs. Garfield has lived since the bitter days immediately following Pres. Garfield's death, is empty and for sale. Mrs. Garfield and her family have gone to live at the Mentor farm that her husband left to them, and where she can find more peace and comfort than anywhere else. Before she went there the house on the farm was remodeled and added to. Still, it was much too small for the equipments of the city house, and a few days ago a private sale was held, at which a great many things were disposed of at fabulous prices. During the unsettled period Grandma Garfield went to her old home at Solon, a village of 12 miles from town, and near Hiram college, where her boy was taught and taught others. The old lady is pestered almost to madness by autograph hunters, and will attend to them no more. She is strong and very clear of mind, as of old. Since the removal of Mrs. Garfield to Mentor, grandma has rejoined her. One reason why the house on the farm was enlarged was the need of a room where President Garfield's effects and papers could be placed. These have all been arranged with the utmost care, and placed in systematic order. The articles in the memorial room of the Prospect street house have also been removed to a specially-built room in the Mentor home, and a rare collection of tributes from nearly every civilized nation in the world, it is. Mrs. Garfield's father, Mr. Zell Rudolph, is with her. He and grandma are nearly of the same age, about 83. Harry Garfield is at home. He has just returned from St. Paul's school, near Concord, N. H., where he has been teaching. James R. is studying law with Judges Boynton and Hale, of this city, and is going to make a good, and, perhaps, a great lawyer. He is a close student, and has his father's retentive and legal mind. Mollie is with her mother at Mentor, but often comes to town. She is president of the Monday Afternoon club, an organization for missionary work in Paris. Mrs. Garfield looks well, but lives very quietly, and retains her garments of black. She gave $50,000 for the Prospect street house, and has only as yet been offered $45,000 for it.

Sleeping Cars with Bath-Rooms.

"Talking about luxury on the rail," said a traveler, "let me tell you of a nice thing I struck last week. First let me ask if every man of you hasn't often felt while out on the road that he would give more for a good bath than for anything else in the way of personal comfort that you could think of? Of course you have. There is something about railroad traveling that makes a man yearn for his bath tub at home. You not only get dirty, but you feel that you are dirty. The stuff seems to slime you over, and stick you up, and in time it anything had occurred to mar his happiness. He said he had mistaken that insane asylum for a private residence, and had crowded in when the door was opened, and one of the female inmates, a most violent case, had taken him by the throat, and with a power almost superhuman had thrown him hence, and frightened him nearly to death. He asked me if I was the doctor of the asylum, and said I ought to put that girl in a straight jacket. He went away real quick, with his collar in his hand, and when I went into the house Mary and my wife were laughing very hard, and my wife was better than I had known her for a year. A few weeks ago a fellow with the most terrible gall I ever saw, got into the parlor, and sent a card to my wife, by another girl who happened to go to the door. My wife supposed it was some gentleman, and she went down, and the red whiskered, cheeky cuss talked to her for half an hour on different subjects, and then went to bow to me as I was taking orders for some book in monthly parts. Well, if there is any thing my wife don't want, it is any more "Schiller," or "Picturesque Canada," in fifty cent installments. Four years ago she subscribed for something of the kind, and they have been delivered every two weeks, and always when my wife didn't happen to have fifty cents to her name. She told him she didn't want the book, in a few well chosen remarks, but he insisted that while she thought she didn't want it, that she actually did. She pleaded that she was not feeling very well, and asked him to call again, but he said he guessed he would remain, now he was there, and proceeded to show her some more pictures, and tell her how many orders he had taken on that street. She called Mary in, and asked him to excuse her, but he said he would wait till they had gone, and when they came in the parlor he actually joined in the conversation, and asked one of the callers if she wouldn't like to look at the book. He said it was only 50 cents a month. That made my wife mad. She can stand a good deal, and keep her temper, but that was too much, and she rang the bell for Mary. Mary showed up as smiling and pretty as you ever saw a girl in all your born days. My wife said, "Mary, please conduct the gentleman to the conservatory." Mary smiled and said "this way please," and the agent walked her into the front hall, and before he knew whether he was in a conservatory or a boiler factory, Mary took him by the back of the neck and the pants and pitched him through the wire screen door head first, and down the stone steps on his feet. He turned a handspring and lit on his feet and jumped the picket fence, and ran to a lot over where some boys were playing base ball. In about half an hour a boy came to the door and said a gentleman who called a short time before, and who came away somewhat unceremoniously, begged that the lady of the house would kindly send him his hat and a book of sam-ples of as he was selling on the installment plan. He said he was sorry to trouble the lady, but he wanted the hat in order to make a call in the neighborhood. His things were sent to him, and he has never been back since. The other day a man rang the bell, and Mary went to the door. He was selling matches and pencils, and was deaf and dumb. He made signs for Mary to open the screen door, which was locked, but Mary told him it was not necessary to open the door, as she didn't want anything in his line. This made him mad, and in a loud voice he swore that he would see Mary mad and she opened it and gave him a blow from the shoulder, right on the nose, and he fell backward over the railing into a pansy bed, striking on his head. He turned over and got on his knees, and the poor deaf and dumb peddler looked up to Mary and said in the purest French, "Hawly fabers, woman, yez must be John Sullivan's sishter," and he got up and took his basket over the fence. No, sir, I wouldn't let Mary go for twice what I pay her."

"I wish you would give me the address of Mary's sister," said the other man, taking out a pencil and paper. "If I could get such a girl as that, I would continue to keep house." The demand for good muscular girls, who can drive peddlers away, is increasing, and they can get their own prices.—*Peck's Sun.*

On the Installment Plan.

Judge ——, a well-known, highly respected Knickerbocker, on the shady side of 50, a widower with five children—to give or take—was bantered the other evening by a miss of five and twenty for not taking another wife; she urged that she was hale and hearty and deserved a matrimonial messmate. The judge acknowledged the fact, admitting that he was convinced by the eloquence of his friend that he had been thus very far amiss, and expressed contrition for the fault confessed; ending with offering himself to the lady, telling her she could not certainly reject him after pointing out to him his heinous offense.

The lady replied that she would be most happy to take the situation so uniquely advertised, and become bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; but there was one, to her, serious obstacle.

"Well," says the judge, "name it. My profession is to surmount such impediments."

"Oh! judge, this is beyond powers. I have vowed, if I ever marry a widower, that he must have ten children."

"Ten children. Oh! that's nothing," says the judge; "I'll give you five now, and my notes on demand in installments for the balance."

His Best Girl on a Strike.

"More trouble about capital," said the train boy, diving into his chest for a last summer's magazine to sell to a granger.

"What now?" asked the brakeman, putting back a daily paper and lifting a kilndried cigar.

"Best girl's on a strike," replied the news agent; "demands shorter hours, Saturday night, 8 to 10, with fifteen minutes intermission to take breath and listen for the old man at 9 o'clock, extra caramels for overtime, no new girls to be taken on without consent of the present force of employes, and a half day off for the matinee every time a new dude comes to town."

"What's capital going to do about it?"

"Hard telling," said the news agent, with a weary smile; I'm holding out just now and offer to take her back and sign the old schedule and no questions asked, but there's a surveyor's party camped right outside of town, a Mikado company makin' a four nights' stay at the opera house, and the girl holds the key to the situation. Reckon I'll have to give in and sign the new scale."

Humor.

THE MUSCULAR HIRED GIRL.

The Terror of Book Agents, Canvassers and Peddlers.

One of the most unpleasant things in connection with housekeeping in cities, is the trouble ladies have in getting rid of the peddlers, agents, solicitors, etc., who call when the men are all away at their business, and who will crowd themselves into a house even if the door is shut in their faces. A couple of gentlemen were talking over such matters a few days since, when one of them said he was going to give up housekeeping and board at the hotel.

"If you get the right kind of a hired girl, you will have no trouble," said the contented man. "You get the sister to my girl, and I will warrant you will be free from such annoyances."

"O, hired girls are no good," said the first citizen. "I have tried 40 different girls, and the peddlers walk right over them, and wind up by selling the girls something. What does your girl do to keep them away?"

"Do? What does she do? Well, it depends on the agent. If he will go away quietly, when she tells him that the house is not in need of anything, it is all right. If not, she uses a persuader. She is a girl who has been brought up on a farm, a perfect picture of health, with an arm like a blacksmith, and plenty of a veteran soldier. She can do more work in a day, and smile all the time, than any girl I ever saw. Though I can get other girls for three dollars a week, I pay her six dollars, just for the influence she has on peddlers. My wife is an invalid, and is nervous, and a peddler, or book agent, or canvasser, could mortally alarm her in spite of all I could say, and talk her into buying anything, she is so timid, and she would be sick a week afterwards with nervous prostration. Mary, the girl, noticed the injury to my wife, and she said she would keep the peddlers out, and I told her to go ahead. The next day as I went home to lunch I met a man coming down the walk with a portfolio of etchings scattered all over the lawn. He had his hat jammed down over his nose, and his necktie and collar were hanging down his back, and as he came up to me he said, "Save me, for heaven's sake!" I helped him pick up his etchings from the wet grass, and I asked him if anything had occurred to mar his happiness. He said he had mistaken that insane asylum for a private residence, and had crowded in when the door was opened, and one of the female inmates, a most violent case, had taken him by the throat, and with a power almost superhuman had thrown him hence, and frightened him nearly to death. He asked me if I was the doctor of the asylum, and said I ought to put that girl in a straight jacket. He went away real quick, with his collar in his hand, and when I went into the house Mary and my wife were laughing very hard, and my wife was better than I had known her for a year. A few weeks ago a fellow with the most terrible gall I ever saw, got into the parlor, and sent a card to my wife, by another girl who happened to go to the door. My wife supposed it was some gentleman, and she went down, and the red whiskered, cheeky cuss talked to her for half an hour on different subjects, and then went to bow to me as I was taking orders for some book in monthly parts. Well, if there is any thing my wife don't want, it is any more "Schiller," or "Picturesque Canada," in fifty cent installments. Four years ago she subscribed for something of the kind, and they have been delivered every two weeks, and always when my wife didn't happen to have fifty cents to her name. She told him she didn't want the book, in a few well chosen remarks, but he insisted that while she thought she didn't want it, that she actually did. She pleaded that she was not feeling very well, and asked him to call again, but he said he guessed he would remain, now he was there, and proceeded to show her some more pictures, and tell her how many orders he had taken on that street. She called Mary in, and asked him to excuse her, but he said he would wait till they had gone, and when they came in the parlor he actually joined in the conversation, and asked one of the callers if she wouldn't like to look at the book. He said it was only 50 cents a month. That made my wife mad. She can stand a good deal, and keep her temper, but that was too much, and she rang the bell for Mary. Mary showed up as smiling and pretty as you ever saw a girl in all your born days. My wife said, "Mary, please conduct the gentleman to the conservatory." Mary smiled and said "this way please," and the agent walked her into the front hall, and before he knew whether he was in a conservatory or a boiler factory, Mary took him by the back of the neck and the pants and pitched him through the wire screen door head first, and down the stone steps on his feet. He turned a handspring and lit on his feet and jumped the picket fence, and ran to a lot over where some boys were playing base ball. In about half an hour a boy came to the door and said a gentleman who called a short time before, and who came away somewhat unceremoniously, begged that the lady of the house would kindly send him his hat and a book of samples of as he was selling on the installment plan. He said he was sorry to trouble the lady, but he wanted the hat in order to make a call in the neighborhood. His things were sent to him, and he has never been back since. The other day a man rang the bell, and Mary went to the door. He was selling matches and pencils, and was deaf and dumb. He made signs for Mary to open the screen door, which was locked, but Mary told him it was not necessary to open the door, as she didn't want anything in his line. This made him mad, and in a loud voice he swore that he would see Mary mad and she opened it and gave him a blow from the shoulder, right on the nose, and he fell backward over the railing into a pansy bed, striking on his head. He turned over and got on his knees, and the poor deaf and dumb peddler looked up to Mary and said in the purest French, "Hawly fabers, woman, yez must be John Sullivan's sishter," and he got up and took his basket over the fence. No, sir, I wouldn't let Mary go for twice what I pay her."

Extraordinary Medical Skill.

One stormy night, when the roads were well-nigh impassable, a son of Erin came into a doctor's office and desired the dispenser of physic to go to see a friend who was "just a-dyin'." He would not take no denial or answer; so, putting the saddle-bags upon his horse, the physician started out upon his journey. As soon as he saw the sick man he knew it was nearly over with him, and remarked to the courier:

"Peter, you told the truth; your friend is just at the point of death."

"Can't ye do anything for heem?" replied Peter.

"No; it is too late."

"But, docthor, aint ye goin' to give heem anything at all at all?"

"It will do no good."

"But, docthor, ye have come so far, it would be too bad to go back without doin' anything."

For the peace of Peter's mind, the doctor now took a small quantity of sugar from a phial, and placed it upon the dying man's tongue just as he was drawing his last breath.

Peter, seeing his friend's head drop back, looked up to the doctor with big eyes, and said, half in a whisper, "Oh, docthor, an' didn't ye do it quick!"—*Harper for July.*

The Glad Fall Fair.

The agricultural fair associations are sending out their premium lists. There is the usual diploma printed on manilla paper for the big squash and the $500 purse for the trotting race. Nothing is so thoroughly agricultural, so distinctively rural, as the trotting race. It should be encouraged by all means. Farmers can't be expected to give their time to raising fast horses and laying out half-mile tracks around their farms unless some inducements are offered them. It serves to get the idea out of their heads that they should raise potatoes and corn and such other produce to the exclusion of that well-known farm product, the 64-rib trotting horse. There's nothing like the agricultural fair to educate the farmer. When he sees the crowd tramp his big cucumbers and cover grown up with ragweeds into the ground to pay 25 cents to get into the amphitheater to see a horse race that was sold out the night before, he realizes the grandeur of his profession and takes his diploma and goes home so enthusiastic that he feels like buying all the farms in the neighborhood and going into the exclusive business of raising things to snatch diplomas from the grasp of fair committees.—*Estelline Bell.*

Th Latest English Yarn.

A Yankee tourist went down to Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's estate. There is a little village on it, where an inn is built for the accommodation of visitors; and when Mr. A reached there, after having been through Chatsworth, he was naturally much impressed by its beauty, and he couldn't refrain from saying to a quiet looking man who was sitting on the piazza with him after tea: "Quite a palace, isn't it?" "Yes, a pleasant place enough," returned the Englishman. "The fellow who owns it must be worth a mint of money," said No. 1. "Yes, he's comfortably off," agreed No. 2, quietly. "I wonder if I could get a look at the old chap," said the American, after a short silence; "I should like to see what sort of a bird he is." Puff, puff, went the English cigar, and then said the English voice, trying hard to control itself: "I you—puff, puff—look hard!—puff, puff at—in this direction, you"—puff, puff—can tell in a minute." "You, you!" faltered Mr. A., getting up; "why I thought you were the landlord!" "Well, so I am," said the Duke of Devonshire, "though I don't perform the duties. I stay here," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "to be looked at."

The Chicago Women Again.

"I know an ambitious woman, who always likes to appear to know everything," said the young visitor who was riding in the other carryall. "She was asked one day if she had a phæton."

"Not now," said she, 'we had one, but it died last fall.'"

"That reminds me," said her hostess, "of a woman I know who said she was going to get some sort of a conveyance, but she couldn't make up her mind what to have. 'My husband wants me to have a phantom,' she said, 'and I believe I will.'"—*Chicago News.*

His Education Nearly Finished.

Mrs. Grimdy—So your son is being educated in England? Dear me! how popular he will be in society when he returns.

Mrs. Toady—Yes, the dear boy. I told him not to come back until he was perfect in the English accent.

"And he is by this time, surely?"

"Not quite; he writes that his pronunciation is correct, but he hasn't got the catarrh yet."—*Chicago News.*

Discovery in Natural History.

A little girl from the city was on her firs visit to the country. While riding near Clifton Springs she saw a lot of cat's-tails near the road.

"Oh, auntie!" she exclaimed, "I never knew before that sausages grew on sticks!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Gone, but Not Forgotten."

A family not many miles from Boston has such a love for mural decorations that it displays on the walls of its sitting-room the legend elaborately wrought in worsted, "Gone, but Not Forgotten," with spaces for the reception of photographs. As no member of the family is yet dead, the spaces remain blank.

Judgment Temporarily Suspended.

Mrs. Blabb—So your church has a new minister.

Mrs. Gabb—Yes, he preached for the first time last Sunday.

"How do you like him?"

"I can't tell. I haven't seen his wife yet."

TIED UP THE GAS.

An Aged Countryman Who Didn't Propose to Take Chances.

"They almost always want to blow out the gas," said a hotel clerk, "but that old fellow," pointing to an old gentleman sitting in the window, "was smart enough to know that was not necessary. When he woke up this morning about 5 o'clock he opened his door and began calling for the porter. One of the bell-boys went to him and was told to bring up a piece of a rag. The boy procured it, and, anxious to know what the old man wanted, he hung around the door. There was a very faint oder of gas pervading the premises, and as the boy looked through the key-hole he saw the old man mount a chair and unwind a home-knit woolen sock from the gas-burner and then wind the rag tightly around it in place of the sock. 'Going to trouble you,' he said, when he came down, "but the pesky thing was leaking and I wanted to use my sock. I guess I'd a been smothered if I hadn't kinder traced the smell to that thing and then struck the idea of stopping it by winding something around it." He was taken up-stairs and shown how the "pesky thing" worked, but was not satisfied and insisted that it was "a durned sight safer to tie the thing up."—*Chicago News.*

The Young Bride's Dairy.

Yesterday I bought a little red receipt book of a pleasing young man who called at the door. His eyes were so deep and dark, and his voice so pleading, that I would have purchased the book if I had to borrow the money. The book is a very useful one, and it is bound in the same color as my new dog.

It tells how to make custards, blanc manges and floating island. It also tells you in the back part how to cure heaves, glanders and botts. I can hardly wait till George gets the bottle, so that I can bring out my little red volume and win him back to life and joy again. It also gives away other information. Any one with this book in the house can go to work and take a person right through a long siege of croup or yellow fever without a doctor, and there's a whole lot of law in it, so that George won't have to have a lawyer or a doctor, and we can save a great deal that way. Why will people fritter away their money on doctors and lawyers when they can get one of these books so cheap?

Yesterday our landlady gave me a slip of oleander, and I have planted it in a cute little pitcher in the window, where it is slowly growing as I write. It hardly seems possible that some day it will be a large tree with little yellow knobs on it.

All we need now is a home and some furniture, for I have already secured the oleander.

I bought some rhubarb at the drug store this morning, and to-morrow I will make a couple of pies. George is passionately fond of rhubarb pies.

Miscellany.

ABDUL HAMID.

Some Interesting Points as to the Sultan of Turkey and His Daily Life.

Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, leads almost as much a life of fear as does the Emperor of Russia, as some years ago an astronomer pronounced a prophecy that Abdul Hamid would come to a sudden and a bloody end. In so doing he made the mistake of his life. There is strong reason to suspect that he compounded the prophecy with a view of pleasing the then reigning Sultan, who regarded Abdul as a possible successor with a jealous and disapproving eye. The astronomer, just about the time he made the prophecy, was presented by the Sultan with a beautiful fez, in the point of which was a diamond of rare lustre and great value. But little did it avail him. For when a few years later Abdul Hamid came to the throne the fez with its ornamenting diamond lost its usefulness to the astronomer, owing to the fact that in accordance with Abdul's royal order he found himself without a head upon which to wear it. But with the fall of the ill-starred astronomer's head Abdul Hamid's fears did not disappear. He could not get over the idea that there might be something in the prophecy after all, and he has in consequence been filled with more or less unpleasant apprehensions. His fears have, in fact, assumed almost the proportions of a mania, and he has given much thought and attention to devices in looking to his personal safety.

The Sultan has a pronounced leaning towards European customs, and of this the ladies of his harem appear to have taken advantage. It is by dire offence for a Turkish woman to show her face to any other than her lawful lord, and accordingly, when she goes out into the streets or visits the bazaars—upon which occasion she is invariably accompanied by a custodian—she wears a thick "haick," or veil, completely concealing her features. Latterly the ladies of the royal harem have taken to wearing thin veils. They have been repeatedly admonished on this subject by the eunuch, but they have persisted in their conduct, and as a consequence much scandal and comment has been aroused.

Another feature of the Sultan's life which has a European aspect is that he virtually only one wife—that is, at one time. Although there are upwards of threescore ladies bearing that title in his seraglio, as a royal harem is termed, yet as a matter of fact he only regards and treats one among their number as the Sultana.

In appearance the Sultan is a little above the middle height, of slight build, with a pale, expressive face, dark and somewhat mournful eyes, and carefully clipped beard and moustache. His clothes, which he always has made in Paris, are of the latest and most fashionable cut. He wears patent-leather boots, and the only noticeable feature of his nationality in his dress is his Turkish fez or cap. His habits are very regular. He is an early riser, and after leaving the seraglio, he partakes of a light breakfast at which he always drinks black coffee. After breakfast his secretaries at once bring him the portfolios containing telegrams, official communications and reports which require his inspection. He lunches at noon, after which he walks in the grounds and receives visits from the foreign ambassadors and other callers. Punctually at five o'clock in the evening, when the weather is fine, the Sultan, accompanied by a strong body of guards, puts spurs to his patent-leather boots and rides on horseback through his park. He returns at seven, and half an hour later sits down to dinner. The table is covered with gold and silver candelabra, and massive epergnes filled with choicest fruits and flowers.

At the head of the table the Sultan has a large chair richly ornamented with gilding, and behind him, whenever he has foreign guests stands his interpreter. Costly wines are offered to those sharing the Sultan's hospitality, but the Sultan himself breaths the fumes of, but does not taste, beer. The Imperial band plays at dinner, and servants with scarlet liveries with golden epaulets glide noiselessly around the table.

FITZ-JOHN PORTER'S BALLOON.

A Dangerous Ride Over the Confederate Army in War Time.

"I suppose you never heard of Fitz-John Porter's balloon ride," said an old army officer the other day to an Atlanta *Constitution* reporter. "Well," he continued, "it was one of the most romantic events in the life of that gallant soldier. He was with McClellan on the Peninsular campaign, and was distinguished for his intelligent activity. Porter conceived the idea that balloons could be made very useful in reconnoitering and at his request Gen. McClellan obtained the necessary equipment for this service. The balloons and the apparatus for the manufacture of the gas were procured without much difficulty, but

Recent Literature.

One of the most interesting books given to the public in a long time is the one entitled "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln by Distinguished Men of His Time." These reminiscences have been written for the purpose, and are arranged by Allen Thorndike Rice, the editor of the *North American Review*, and the result is a magnificent volume which has been brought out in fine style by the North American Publishing Company, New York. Besides the steel portrait of Lincoln, which forms the frontispiece, there are 27 other illustrations, most of them portraits of the distinguished men who have contributed to the work. That it is interesting as well as being a most valuable contribution to the history of the war of the Rebellion goes without saying, when the names of the writers are known. Gen. Grant, Elihu B. Washburne, Gen. Butler, Fred Douglass, Ben Perley Poore, Henry Ward Beecher, Schuyler Colfax, Daniel W. Voorhees, Charles A. Dana, D. R. Locke, Robert J. Ingersoll, Walt Whitman, Donn Piatt, George W. Julian, R. E. Fenton, J. P. Usher, George S. Botwell, Charles C. Coffin, Judge Weldon, T. J. Coffey, W. D. Kelley, Cassius M. Clay, A. H. Markland, John A. Husson, Gen. Fry, Hugh McCulloch, Chauncey M. Depew, Leonard Swett, E. W. Andrews, J. C. Welling, John Sherman, John B. Alley and Thomas Hicks, are all represented in this volume, giving their own personal recollections of this great man, each having seen him under different circumstances. All of these men have a national reputation, and some are noted writers, so that the reader has a literary treat set before him of that variety and supreme excellence, which, added to the interest of the theme itself and its treatment, renders the book invaluable, and one which should find a place in every library. It is sold by subscription only.

Where there is so much that is bristling with interest in the July recitals, it is hard to make short selections for a limited notice. Those who recall the fear that Lincoln would not reach Washington alive to be inaugerated, will read the following description of his arrival by Mr. Washburne with pleasure:

A story which illustrates Lincoln's character is told by George W. Julian:

It has often been asserted that Sec. Stanton ruled Mr. Lincoln. This is a mistake. The secretary would frequently overawe and sometimes browbeat others, but he was never imperious in dealing with the President. This I have from Mr. Watson, for some time assistant secretary of war, and Mr. Whiting, while solicitor of the War Department. Lincoln, however, had the highest opinion of Stanton, and their relations were always most kindly. The following anecdote illustrates the character of Lincoln's humor, and also his method of dealing with a dilemma. It is related that a committee of Western men, headed by Mr. Lovejoy, procured from the President an important order looking to the exchange of Eastern and Western soldiers, with a view to more effective work. Repairing to the office of the secretary, Mr. Lovejoy explained the scheme, as he had done before to the President, but was met by a storm of protest:

"But we have the President's order, sir," said Lovejoy.

"Did Lincoln give you an order of that kind," said Stanton.

"He did sir."

"Then he is a d——d fool," said the irate secretary.

"Do you mean to say the President is a——d fool?" asked Lovejoy in amazement.

"Yes, sir, if he gave you such an order as that."

The bewildered congressman from Illinois betook himself at once to the President and related the result of the conference.

"Did Stanton say I was a d——d fool?" asked Lincoln, at the close of the recital.

"He did, sir."

"Then he is a d——d fool," said the irate secretary.

After a moment's pause, and looking up, the President said:

"If Stanton said I was a d——d fool, then I must have been a fool, for he always is right and generally says what he means. I will step over and see him."

Robert J. Ingersoll gives the following as his judgment of Lincoln:

Lincoln was an immense personality—firm but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others without knowing it, and they submitted to him because he was submit to nature, unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others. He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows. He did most cruel things as stealthily as others committed crimes. Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming awkwardness, that blundering modesty that is the perfect grace of modesty. As a noble man, wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers a hundred-dollar bill and asks for change, fearing that he may be suspected either of wealth or of the meanness of payment, so Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth of goodness, even to the best he knew.

A great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean.

He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for independence. Where no principle was involved, easily swayed—willing to go slowly, if in the right direction—sometimes seeming to retreat in order to gain more, and he would not go wrong. He was willing to wait. He knew that the event was not waiting, and that fate was not the fool of chance. He knew that slavery had defenders, but no defense, and he saw that the only way to attack the enemy was to attack it in the right way. He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned. With him, men were neither great nor small—they were all souls. Titles, robes, crowns, pearls, clothes, titles rags and race he saw the reality that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise and war he saw the end. He was patient as destiny, whose unbegotten children, hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. Many can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Abraham Lincoln that, having absolute power, he never abused it except upon the side of mercy.

Schuyler Colfax tells the following funny story concerning his well known leniency towards deserters:

Finally, there was a very flagrant case of a soldier who, in the crisis of a battle, demoralized his regiment by his cowardice, throwing down his gun and hiding behind the friendly stump. When tried for his cowardice there was no defiance. The court-martial, in examining his antecedents, found that he had neither father nor mother living, nor wife nor child; that he was quite a young man of unusual stature, and that he was a stout, able-bodied man. Therefore, he could serve the Union and render efficient service. "Here," said Judge Holt, "is a case which comes exactly within your requirements. He does not deny his guilt; he will better serve the country dead than living, as he has no relations to mourn for him, and he is not fit to be in the ranks of patriots, at any rate." Mr. Lincoln's recipe of excuse was all swept away. Judge Holt's reasoning was unanswerable, and the order "approved" on the paper; but the President, running his long fingers through his hair, as he so often used to do when in anxious thought, replied, "Well, after all, judge, I think I must put this with my leg cases."

"*Leg cases*," said Judge Holt, with a frown at this supposed levity of the President, in a case of life and death. "What do you mean by *leg cases*, sir?"

"Why, why," replied Mr. Lincoln, "do you see these papers crowded into those pigeon-holes? They are the cases that you call by that long title, the murderer on the one side, and the country on the other, but I call them for short, my 'leg cases.' But I put it to you, and I leave it for you to decide for yourself: If Almighty God gives a man a cowardly leg, of what use can he help their running away with him?"

So it would be possible to go on selecting humorous, thrilling and pathetic passages *ad infinitum* did not space forbid. It is needless to add that it is a book worth having.

In the International Scientific Series issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York, the 55th volume just out is "Earthquakes and Other Earth Movements," by John Milne, who is the professor of Mining and Geology in the Imperial College of Engineering at Tokio, Japan, and has given years of study to whatever bears upon the changes constantly taking place in the earth's crust. He is, therefore, eminently qualified to do the work which is placed before his readers. There is given a systematic account of various kinds of earth movements, and discusses their causes and effects. The student interested in these directions will find many interesting and important facts stated in the volume.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, have just issued a very readable volume entitled "Southern California: Its Mountains, Valleys and Streams; Its Animals, Birds and Fishes; Its Climate, Farms and Gardens," by Theodore S. Van Dyke, author of "The Still Hunter," "The Rifle, Rod and Gun in California." In this book, as the author tells us, he treats of *home*. After long years of residence in Southern California—not in its cities and seaports but in its mountains and valleys and by its streams, camping, hunting and studying the country, he now sends forth this book as the record of his experience and knowledge. In a series of letters fairly and honestly all the advantages and disadvantages of Southern California for the settler, the farmer, the invalid, the climate-hunter, the fruit-raiser, the sportsman, the fisherman and traveler.

The *Magazine of Art* for July contains: "Old Charter House," by Basil Champneys; "Basil Peroff," by Nicolas Sobko; "The St. John River," by H. L. Spencer.; "The Royal Academy and the Select Committee on Arts," by J. Pendercell-Brodhurst; "Some Past Indian Wood Carving," by Lewis F. Day; "In the South," by A. M. F. Robinson; "Art in Greece," by William Holmden; and as a frontispiece a reproduction of W. H. Weatherhead's painting, "Chelsea Pensioners." Cassell & Co., New York.

The July *Harper's* contains another instalment of Charles Dudley Warner's most amusing description of the Atlantic coast resorts, entitled "Their Pilgrimage." Mr. Reinhart, who illustrates the story, is even funnier, and the cut showing the "Model Husband," who was "easier to manage than a girl," is exceedingly humorous. Other features of the July *Harper's* are "The New York Produce Exchange," "The Gunpowder for Bunker Hill," "The Railway Problem," by Richard T. Ely, and two short stories. There is also a poem by Mrs. James T. Fields. In a preface to the "Editor's Drawer," Mr. Warner discusses the question of decollette dress, under the title "Shall We Have a Low Neck Bureau?" in which he humorously objects to federal interference in a matter of state rights. Harper Brothers, New York.

Cassell's Family Magazine for July contains "The Dwellings of the London Poor," by "Our Special Correspondent;" "A Maiden's Dreams," by Kate Thompson Sizer; "A Danish Hero," by T. T. Shore: "Climate and Its Influence on Health," by "A Family Doctor;" "Atheism," by Prof. J. S. Blackie; "The American Office Seeker," by "An American;" "Home Study for Girls," by Barbara Foxley; "Granny," by J. T. B. Walaston, and the admirable "Gatherer." 15 cents. Cassell & Co., New York.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine for July has a timely article by Frank G. Carpenter on "The Loves of the Presidents," which is full of pleasant gossip. J. S. of Dale contributes an admirable story cast in dramatic form and entitled "Two Passions and a Cardinal Virtue." There are two notable contributors to the Experience Meeting, Madame Henry Greville and Joaquin Miller. The serials develop fresh features of interest; there are poems by Kate Putnam Osgood, Louise Chandler Moulton, etc., and the Monthly Gossip is as chatty and agreeable as ever. J. P. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. $2 a year.

Articles of entertainment and of serious timely interest share equally the space of the July *Century*. The frontispiece of the number is a profile portrait of Frank R. Stockton, the famous author of "Rudder Grange," and "The Late Mrs. Null," yet perhaps more widely known (to repeat the title of the accompanying anecdotal paper by C. C. Buel) as the author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" With the text is also given a front-face portrait of Mr. Stockton. As usual the War papers are profusely illustrated, the first of them being a conclusion to the Antietam articles of the previous number and, under the title, "In the Wake of Battle." There are two or three articles upon the Labor question, and several good stories. The poems of the number are by Charles G. D. Roberts, the late Sidney Lanier, Richard Watson Gilder, Walter Learned, and others. Century Co., New York, $4 a year.

The leading feature of the July *St. Nicholas* is undoubtedly the first instalment of Rose Latimore Alling's short serial, "Nan's Revolt," a story which is a bright, breezy style deals with the efforts of four society girls to break away from some of the unwholesome restraints of convention and fashion, and become independent and self-supporting. Among the prominent features of the magazine are the entertaining chapters of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with a startling development—to be continued; an exciting instalment of J. T. Trowbridge's Maine coast story, "The Kelp-Gatherers," some more notes on "Wonders of the Alphabet," and a "Ready-for-Busiess" article on "Boat-building," as an employment for American boys. Century Co., New York, $3 a year.

Literary Notes.

Sydney Luska is hard at work on a new book which he has just begun.

Arthur S. Hardy's novel, "The Wind of Destiny," has already gone into its sixth thousand.

Fessis & Co. will publish next month Mr. Robert-Louis Stevenson's new story, "Kidnaped."

There are 60,000 volumes in the Boston state library and not one owned among them.

Prof. Raymond, of Princeton, will shortly publish, through the Putnams, a volume of verse, entitled "A Life in Song."

M. Taine's "Bonaparte," which is likely to revive the discussion of the character of the first Napoleon, will not be issued until late in the fall.

Rhoda Broughton's latest novel, which she called "Peggy and True," has been changed to a title by her publishers to "Doctor Cupid."

The next novel by William D. Howells will be one on Washington society. One of the leading characters will be a well-known Senator.

All the original illustrations in Lieut. Greely's book, "Three Years of Arctic Service," will appear in the forthcoming French translation.

"The Making of a Man," one of the few novels of William M. Baker, has been reprinted in a cheap paper cover volume by Roberts Brothers. It is the latest of their admirable series of 50-cent novels.

Justin McCarthy, M. P., has an article in the *Independent* of June 24, discussing Irish representation at Westminster, entitled, "Will Ireland Be Represented in Westminster Too?"

Verbatim reports of Mr. Beecher's sermons in England will be published in the *Brooklyn Magazine*. Mr. Beecher has engaged to send the same periodical a series of letters.

Mrs. Fremont's "Souvenirs of My Time," the interesting series of reminiscences which she has been contributing to *Wide Awake*, is to be published in book form by D. Lothrop & Co.

A portrait of Joseph Jefferson as Bob Acres, from a painting by J. W. Alexander, will appear in the August number of *Harper's Magazine*. It will be accompanied by a biographical sketch written by William Winter.

Bishop Spalding has contributed to the July number of the *Forum* a paper on the question, "Are we in danger of revolution?" Prof. Adams will ask and answer the query, "Shall we muzzle the anarchists?"

The *Beacon* announces a new serial story to begin this week, entitled "A Bohemian Chapter," written by Miss Helen M. Winslow. The story describes the experiences of the kind of girl known to country people as "a regular tomboy" and her struggles in Boston in studying art and establishing a reputation as an artist.

Funk & Wagnalls announce a new edition of "The Ladies of the White House," by Laura C. Holloway. The work will be entirely re-written and greatly enlarged, and will be issued in two large and handsomely illustrated octavo volumes of over 600 pages each. Among the many fine steel engravings will be portraits of Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland and of the present mistress of the White House, Mrs. Cleveland. Extended authentic biographies of both these ladies will accompany the portraits.

An Undertaker's Experiences.

"I've just returned from the house of a young married man who died last night," said an undertaker, "and his weeping wife told me she wanted his coffin made large enough to hold his gun and game bag, because he was so fond of shooting."

"I suppose you have a great many such queer requests?" remarked a listener.

"Oh, yes. It was only about a month ago that a mother, frenzied with grief, when I was about to put the lid on her daughter's casket, took from a closet a satin ball-dress and insisted upon having it used as a cover for the corpse.

"Then some people want favorite books, letters, bibles, pictures, and such things buried with their dead. It seems to soothe their anguish to do some degree, and you have to humor them. The queerest thing of the kind happened to me just after I went into the business. It would have been laughed at on a minstrel stage, but in a house of grief had to be tolerated with solemnity. The 10-year-old boy of a poor woman had died of fever, and I was engaged to bury him. Her neighbors had all gathered down stairs. I went up to ask her if there was anything more I could do, and she handed me a little bundle, saying: 'Please put this at the foot of Johnny's coffin. They are a pair of his old pantaloons, and the first I ever whipped him in.'"

A Strong Stomach.

One day a mother asked her little boy, as he was going to bed, if he would let her hear his evening prayer. Without hesitation, and with the utmost seriousness, the little fellow knelt down and prayed: "Dear Father in Heaven, please give me a strong stomach, that I may eat all the watermelon I want." Here was a prayer, offered in sincerity, not for an imaginary but a real want. It had been an affliction to the little boy that, while he loved watermelon better than any other article of food, he could only eat a little, while his mates devoured it to the full. Some time after this, the mother again asked the little boy to let her hear his evening prayer, when, to her surprise, he offered the same petition. "Do you, my son, never pray for anything but a strong stomach?" "Why, mother," said the little fellow, with perfect simplicity, "I shall pray for that till God attends to it." We are happy to say that this boy's prayer has been answered, and that we lately saw him eating watermelon to his full content.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

It is a curious fact that most people have some pet economy, even if they are generally extravagant in the expenditure of money. There will be a disposition to feel that others are not prudent who do not restrain themselves in the same direction Frequently, there is neither rhyme nor reason in the matter. It seems to be simply a caprice. The Salad-server recalls to mind one lady, with the control of funds sufficient to satisfy all of her reasonable desires, who went without a gossamer clock for years because she could not make up her mind to spend the necessary money to procure it. "When it rains," she said, "I always think I will get one as soon as I can reach the store, but when the sun shines again, I feel as if it would be throwing away what it would cost." Yet she was liberal in all other directions. Some men, who never hesitate about buying other household stores, and are generous to their families in most ways, will watch closely every particle of waste in coal or light. A shivering atmosphere is apt to pervade the house in winter when they are at home, and the gas is turned down upon the smallest pretext. Some persons are careful to pick up and save pins; one woman directed her energies to the hoarding of brown paper; and it is told of a millionaire that, while he lived elegantly and spent generously, he would be angry if the blank half-sheet was not torn off letters received at his office and saved for use. Human nature is of infinite variety.

It is said of two of the most delightfully fragrant flowers that grow upon this continent, the magnolia, and the tea olive living in two or three of the Southern States, that their odor has never been imitated in perfume. Experiment after experiment has been made, and when it seemed as if success had been obtained, the next moment, before the conditions could be fixed and determined, it was lost again. There is no doubt, however, but that some one will yet find a method of imitating their subtle and exquisite fragrance, which comes and goes so quickly as only to leave an impression of fleeting pleasure. The real skill of the perfumer lies in simulating such delicate odors. Those which are stronger and coarser are less agreeable, and refined people do not like to employ them. To use perfumery skilfully is an art, for good taste forbids that there shall be about the person anything more than a suggestion of some sweet smelling blossom, and the finer and more intangible, while yet perceptible, the more agreeable and artistic it is. The production of some of the most delightful perfumes has been the work of years.

PERHAPS the salad server will be called severely to order for saying that the styles of dancing are becoming each year less graceful and more—well, in place of a better word—accentuated. Those who have been lookers-on at the Bugle Call during the two weeks past will understand what is meant. There is very little of the graceful, gliding movement that is without effort, and is the poetry of motion, but the dancers throw themselves, as it were, in a headlong manner, and woe betides those who chance to come in their way. Some times again, they go with a hitch and a jump, as if it were a sort of gymnastic exercise to bring into play the greatest number of the muscles of the body. The Salad server does not mean to be unkind, for there were many persons on the floor during these evenings who were very graceful in their appearance until they began to render obedience to the music, and then perforce they became "fantastic."

SPEAKING of dancing recalls the following description of a novel dance that was introduced at the graduating ball lately at West Point, which is said to have been quite effective, and the thought is suggested that the lovers of the dance in Toledo might, before the next season of balls sets in, begin, even now, something new from their brains in a similar direction, though not necessarily of a military character:

Sixteen couples went out and at a signal changed partners. At a second signal the ladies formed in a line facing the main entrance. The gentlemen put swords from a front view formed a line facing the ladies. The following military commands were then given and executed: "Present arms, carry arms, count fours, twos right, march, company halt." This brought the men in the front face to each other. They crossed swords, and the ladies marched under the uplifted weapons to their original positions, each girl landing in the spot in which she originally fell. The alternated walls giving the figure to the ladies, were also pretty. The ladies and gentlemen having been brought into two lines facing each other, arches were distributed to the ladies, and the gentlemen marched under those to their original places. The fourth, fifth and seventh figures were favor figures, but the sixth presented more military combinations. After the second signal the ladies and gentlemen formed in two companies, with a front of 10, the ladies behind their partners, at the end of the hall opposite the main entrance. Owing to his figure was exceedingly effective, although the ladies were not quite so expert at falling into line as their well-drilled partners.

"WHY is the diamond considered *par excellence* the proper thing for an engagement ring?" asks a young man who is upon the eve of purchasing that article. Probably for two reasons: One is that it is the first present that must be made to the affianced bride, and she is supposed to keep it as long as she lives. It should therefore be something valuable and, aside from the fact that it is a purely love offering, worth the keeping. The value of the diamond cannot be disputed. Again, it is a stone that never changes, being always bright and sparkling, and thus emblematic of what wedded love should be. These two considerations seem to answer the question. A French writer thus discusses about engagement rings:

I would not choose the ruby; it is too showy, loud and indiscreet; my taste inclines toward the sapphire and the diamond, of which the one does not go well without the other. I should not choose a large sapphire surrounded by diamonds; I should ask our jeweler-artists to interlace in happy combination the sapphire and the diamond, the turquoise but also a tasteful pearl. Unfortunately worn it has the immense disadvantage of changing its color, and to this change most women attach sad and sentimental superstition. I should, however, not be eliminated for the first present, which is worn and cherished while life lasts, and which remains from the days of youth while everything else changes.

IT is a good thing for people, oppressed with the dull round of daily care, the same routine work from morning and evening for six days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year, to remember that they are factors in the plans of the Almighty for the world's progress. This grand thought is from the pen of Edward Everett Hale, than whom the world's work has never had a deeper, truer friend. It is a consoling thought that we are co-workers with God, and that by doing the work in our allotted sphere nobly and well, without useless repining, we are carrying out the plans of the All-wise. Women often thoughtlessly chafe at the monotony of home duties; they become nervous and impatient and depressed, which might be rendered far more bearable did they but consider that to the hands of women—to the mothers of the world—is committed most specially the noblest work that God has set for any of his human creatures—the training of the young. The next generation is to be greater than the present if its men and women are to be of broader and more catholic views, of greater charity for their fellows, of greater integrity, of higher honor, it will only be because the mothers of this generation have done their allotted life-work thoroughly and well. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

"IT is a remarkable fact," said an observing gentleman the other day, "that American cities, and especially those on this side of the Alleghenies, grow to the westward, unless there is some natural obstacle in the way—a tract of swamp, a wide stream, or something of that sort. Of those located upon navigable rivers, by far the greater number are upon the western bank. Where located on both sides, the western section grows faster than the eastern. Why, do you ask? Ah, there you have me. I only state the fact. It may be mere coincidence, as you suggest. But may not the restless desire of our people to 'go West' have an influence on this? Is it not one of the results of the great westward drift of the Aryan race, which has persisted through the centuries since they left their cradle on the Himalayan plateaus?" Verily, the Salad-mixer knows not, but submits the question for the consideration of the readers of the BLADE.

IN a very great many households, the women are of necessity buyers. The husband provides the cash, the expenditure is left to the wife. Hence it behooves a woman to know her business. To learn to buy judiciously should be a part of every girl's education. She should learn the value of money and the relative value of goods. The only woman who will not come to grief in store or grocery is the one who knows exactly what she wants, and just how much she ought to pay for it. Otherwise she either buys what she does not need, or else pays too much for that which she does need.

Why Is It

That the sale of Hood's Sarsaparilla continues at such a rapidly increasing rate? Is it—

1st: Because of the positive curative value of Hood's Sarsaparilla itself.

2d: Because of the conclusive evidence of remarkable cures effected by it, unsurpassed and seldom equalled by any other medicine. Send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for book containing many statements of cures.

CLIPPED CONDENSATIONS.

Allen G. Thurman has been made a LL. D., by Otterbein University, of Westerville, O.

No fewer than 100,000 shade trees now make Washington glorious in fresh green and fragrant blossoms.

A Port Huron young woman was hit in the eye with a quid of tobacco and is now liable to lose the sight of the optic.

A Bay City, Mich., lady in a somnambulistic state the other night took a walk attired in nothing but a hat and a pair of stockings.

The authorities of Nelige, Neb., have imposed a special tax on every business man in the town in order to pay for public improvements.

A study of 650 Italian thunderstorms has shown Signor Ferrin that every thunderstorm is behind a depression of barometer and hygrometer, and before one of the thermometer.

There is no patch of the moon's visible surface half a mile square that is not accurately mapped, according to Prof. Young, while the earth contains immense tracts, in Central Africa, which have never been surveyed.

A Maine man, whose wood pile was unaccountably being gradually reduced in size, set a watch, and found that a neighbor's Newfoundland dog made nightly visits to it and dragged away big sticks to his master's door.

Barthodi recently visited Clermont-Ferrand to make arrangements with the Vercingetorix Monument committee for the site of the statue of that Gallic hero. The statue will be 114 feet in height, and will be erected on the Gergovia plateau.

Those "living war Governors" continue to rise up in unexpected quarters. Since our last publication the following have reported: Frederick Holbrook and J. Gregory Smith, of Vermont; Barry, of New Hampshire; Stanford and Low, of California. And yet there is room.

Mrs. John Balfour, of Chicago, is reported to have inherited $500,000 by the death of an old sweetheart, who took to China instead of to drink after his rejection. It is unnecessary to add to the half million the information that the lady is handsome and charming.

Residents of Virginia City are alarmed at the settling of buildings owing to the caving of underground drifts and the giving away of timbers. One man recently had to remove the plate glass from his show windows to keep them from falling out. On examination there was found to be a space of two inches between the top of the plate and the window frame.

Mushir Tewfik Pasha, who won special distinction in the famous defense of Plevna, and who is at present Commandant of the Fifth Army Corps at Damascus, has just been appointed Sheik-el-Haram, or Chief of the Guards at the Prophet's tomb at Mecca. As Turkey lives in continual fear of her neighbors, and has only one general of any worth besides Tewfik Pasha, one would think the Sultan could find some more fitting occupation for that gallant officer than guarding an empty grave in Arabia.

Stanton.

Stanton called a spade a spade always. He had a holy horror of shoddy, and the major-general with his shoulder-straps, his clanking sword and his strut of pomposity had not much effect with him or had the tears of a soldier's widow. He spoke very sharply to officers who he found loafing about Washington when he thought they should be in the field, and it was not uncommon for him to say: "Well, sir, I would like to know what you, an officer of the United States army, are doing at Washington?" If they don't need you at the front, I'll see about mustering you out." Lobbyists, Stanton repulsed with a word, and few men with corrupt schemes on hand approached him more than once. Senators and congressmen had not much weight with him, and he made no bones of saying what thought in such a characteristic language. At one time one of the other members of the cabinet wanted Stanton to appoint a young friend of his as paymaster in the army.

"How old is he?" said Stanton.

"He is only 21," was the reply; "but he is thoroughly respectable and honest."

"Mr. Secretary," responded Stanton, emphatically, "I would not appoint the angel Gabriel paymaster if he was only 21."—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Swimming Girls of Honduras.

Daily bathing is in this country an almost universal custom. Many of the natives go to the rivers bordering the city for their baths as they do for the water to supply the daily needs of the place. If one one would enjoy bathing he should go early in the morning to the ancient bridge of heavy masonry spanning the Ilo Grande. There leaning upon the brick parapet, we will look down upon the swift current, where the brown backs of the girls glisten in the sunshine as the water streams from their wealth of hair—long, wavy and glossy in its blackness—as they rise from a dive in the limpid pools. Skilful swimmers they are, and fearless, as is meet, for they have practiced since they were high enough to walk. Broad of back and strong of shoulder, full and round of limb and body, straight in line from armpit to hip, and supple in every motion, they are fine specimens of humanity, possessing a free and natural grace that any woman of pinched-in waist can hope to nearly equal.—*Correspondence Chicago Times.*

Why Ladies Don't Shop on Saturday.

Every day a sandwiched sign man parades Fourteenth street as far as Sixth avenue and down Broadway to Ninth street bearing the following mottoes or requests:

FRONT SIGN:

Saturday Half-Holiday.

REAR:

Ladies, Please Do Not Shop on Saturday.

The result is that on Saturday afternoons those thoroughfares are deserted by the great army known as the third sex or female shoppers.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Women Railway Guards.

The Prussian state railways have for some time past employed women as guards at crossings. In order to give able male guards to give their whole attention to the good condition of the roadbed, the service has been divided into two parts, namely, in track and crossing service. While the former is is only done by men, the latter, consisting chiefly of the closing and opening of bars and the lighting and sweeping of crossings, is done by women—in most cases either the wives or wi ows of guards. On the passing of trains these women, having black and white scarfs round their waists and arms, and holding a flag in hand are to stand at the crossing. Their daily wages are from 50 to 75 pfennigs (12½ to 19 cents U. S. currency.)—*American Register*, Paris.

Another Story of "Prince John."

Pres. Van Buren's son, familiarly known as Prince John, was a man of great natural ability, a good lawyer and a ready wit. On one occasion he had taken some technical advantage by which his opponent's client was nonsuited. The man was furious; he declared his purpose to give John a piece of his mind when he saw him; he would wither him. Happening to see John one day at Dowling's, standing at the bar, he boldly confronted the Prince, and, being a small man, looked up at him fiercely and burst out: "Mr. Van Buren, is there any client so low and mean, or any case so nasty, that you won't undertake to defend him in it?" "I don't know," said John, stopping to put away another oyster; then bending down and confidentially drawling out his reply in the little man's ear: "What have you been doing?"

Making a Show of Themselves.

The judges of the Supreme court of the United States come in theatrically. Every time court is opened they march to the bench in single file, the Goliath of the court, Justice Gray, of Massachusetts, bringing up the rear, all dressed in their black gowns, and before seating themselves they make a majestic bow in a solemn and dignified row. They make the bow often to the crier and door-keeper only. They make it whether anybody is in the room or not. When the justices of the Ohio Supreme court come together at a law term there is none of this ceremony. They wear their store clothes and their natural dignity. They are like the United States justices in one respect—they have just as hard work to keep awake.

A Thrifty Official.

I ride down town every morning in a five-cent herdic, and I often have the chief of a great government bureau as my seat-mate. He is a man well-known throughout the country, and he receives a salary of $5,000 a year. I have noticed that he always takes his seat nearest the fare box, and he buys a package of six tickets for a quarter when he sits down. He takes pains to offer to pass all the fares, and puts them into the box for his fellow-passengers. Whenever a nickel is given him he changes it into his pocket and puts into the box one of his tickets, so that when he has received five nickels he is one ticket ahead. He thus gets his ride free.—*Washington Letter.*

To Church in a White Nightgown.

The story is told of a little child who was left asleep in a house near the church, when the rest of the family were at worship, and who startled the congregation by the apparition of a white-robed form, protesting tearfully, "You all forgot me!"

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail, in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

JAPAN'S EMPRESS.

A Lady Tells of a Visit to the Mikado's Wife.

A lady who is given very much to that popular recreation known as "globe trotting," has lately been admitted to an audience of the Empress of Japan (we say "Empress," for we are not aware of the Japanese feminine for Mikado). She writes, "I was invited (commanded, I suppose I should say) to take luncheon at the Asakasa Palace, last Tuesday. The Empress Haru is a slight little woman, not five feet in height. She has the pale, yellow skin, the finely cut features and long oval face of the high caste Japanese. Although a friend to all progressive movements, the patron and instigator of many reforms and advancements, and a woman of surprisingly modern views, the Empress still blackens her teeth in the old style, and thin arches of eyebrows have been traced above those that she dutifully shaved at marriage. Beyond a jeweled ornament fastened above her brow, her costume and coiffure did not differ from that of the ladies surrounding her, and at a distance the parasol was her only distinguishing mark."

The Empress wore red slippers and skirt, and a kimino of rich bluish-purple silk, brocaded with immense figures in pale colors. The pointed neck was filled with folds of white silk, and she balanced in her hand an umbrella of purplish silk embroidered all over with wistaria. She passed straight on to the large marquee tent, and, giving her parasol to her attendant, entered and sat alone in a throne-like chair before an oval table. Her sixteen attendants stood in a picturesque and brilliant line behind her, and the diplomatic corps, the other ladies and nobles, were seated at little tables below her. The palace attendants served the company to the elaborate collation of everything boned, jellied, and iced, and truffled, the beautiful set pieces were broken up, and champagne frothed in thin crystal glasses graven with the Imperial crest of the sixteen petaled chrysanthemum. Every one was served quietly and decorously, the bands played, there was subdued hum of voices, low voices in conversation, and one by one the Empress summoned the wives of the foreign ambassadors to her for a few gracious words

Wardrobe of the Baby King.

A lady correspondent in Madrid writes as follows to the London *News:* It is not etiquette for a queen of Spain to nurse her own child, and Maria Chistina has always been deprived of this pleasure. She wished to nurse her first little Princess, and begged hard to be allowed to do so, but it was not considered to be "the thing," and she had to give her up with a sigh to a mountain "ama" (nurse) so swarthy and dark that they called her in the palace "La Africana." When Sagasta had presented the baby king to all those who awaited him in a large hall, next to the queen's chamber, he handed him to the Duchess Medina de las Torres. The duchess, who is a great favorite of the queen, carried the babe to its mother, saying, "kiss your king." Maria Christina gave her only son a long fond kiss and said, with her eyes full of tears, "If anything compensates me for all I have suffered it is the birth of my son."

The two little princesses, Mercedes and Teresa, were delighted to have a little brother, and asked their English nurse "who had sent him." They were quite satisfied when she said "their papa from heaven had." The little girls wanted the baby and the "ama" to share their pretty apartments; but this could not be, as the king of Spain must have his separate household, with a host of ayas, nurses, chambermaids, and a magnificent suit of rooms were ready for him close to his royal mother's. The new king is a healthy babe. He is very dark and showed his strength by crying loudly during during his presentation, much to Don Mateo Fraseides Sagasta's discomfiture.

The layette of the little king is very simple. He even uses many little things that have belonged to his sisters before him. Maria Christina is fond of simplicity, and of an evening of late she has made small garments for her child, so have her sisters-in-law, the infantas Isabel and Eulalia.

A Pocketbook Drowned in Molasses.

One of West Chester's honest, hard-working women mislaid her pocketbook the other day, which contained a no inconsiderable sum of money, and when she wanted it could not find it. She didn't advertise in the newspapers, but went to the manager and employes, and then when Soldiers' Orphan's school closes that the state of Pennsylvania can look back with pride at the money spent for so grand a purpose. —GEO. M. SHAFFER, McAllisterville, Pa.

What the Muster Rolls Tell.

If soldiers are to be judged by old company rolls, every roll ought to be accompanied by a table of explanation and a diagram. The first muster rolls of the war were fearfully and wonderfully made. Not one man in a thousand understood how to make up a roll correctly, and every company filled the directions to suit himself or his circumstances. In the later years of the war the character of the roll often depended on the conscience and convenience of the company and regimental commanders. All tried to comply with the regulations, but there were peremptory orders that had to be met by twists and frauds and literal interpretations of the rules laid down in the books. No one thought then that the rolls as then made would be dragged out of pigeon-holes in 25 years as records of fact not to be questioned.

Hundreds of men in the old Army of the Cumberland will remember the case of a young fellow, who, on the first day of the battle of Shiloh, was reported on the rolls absent without leave. Some months later he was tried before court-martial and sentenced to forfeit six months' pay. All through the summer campaign of 1862 he was counted one of the best soldiers in his company. At the battle of Stone River he stood firm when half his regiment was scattered by a furious charge. He was wounded in the shoulder, wounded in the thigh, and shot through the body, but, wounded as he was, bleeding and desperate, he fought to the very last, and a few weeks later died in the hospital at Murfreesboro. Just before his death General Rosecrans issued an order and had it read before every regiment in the command, revoking the sentence of the court-martial and speaking of the young fellow as one of the most heroic soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland. But if some prosy clerk should unearth the monthly report of the First Kentucky Regiment for April, 1862, he would find a charge here in the Army of the Cumberland marked absent without leave."

Draw Up Your Camp Stools, Boys.

Marcellus Reynolds, of Garnett, Kan., was a member of the 86th Ind., Co. C, and participated in every battle fought by the regiment. He was captured Jan. 18, '64, was in Cahala and Selma prisons, went to Vicksburg, and is one of the Sultana survivors.

Acting Second Comptroller McMahon has rendered a decision to the effect that every volunteer soldier who was mustered out and discharged with a regiment or other organization, the members of which were kept together after discipline, and did not receive their discharges until they were paid off, should be regarded as continuing in service until the day of payment, and are accordingly entitled to credit for that period of service in computing their right to bounty.

One Eye on It.

P. G. Morrow, of Newman, Ga., tells the following in the Chicago *Ledger*:

In the winter of 1861 the 7th Georgia volunteers lay in camp at Centerville, Ga. The boys had learned to "run the blockade" with the excellent applejack so abundant in that neighborhood, and the camp was kept constantly well supplied.

One day Col. Joseph F. Johnston, thinking the applejack had taken the place of water long enough, seized all the applejack in camp and town, and had it carted to the river, and the heads of the barrels knocked in, preparatory to pouring the contents into the stream. The general then, after ordering the barrels emptied, thinking to intimidate his men, drew his sword with the threat that he would cut out the first man's eyes who attempted to drink a drop of it.

An Irishman at once stepped from the ranks of our company, and, covering one eye with his hat, said:

"Plase Jasus, general! I guess I'll go one eye on't."

The general was beaten. He walked away without another word.

Of course there was a laugh and hurrah, and it may be that some of the boys went more than one eye on it while the general's order was being executed.

Attention, 5th Iowa.

The second annual reunion of the 5th Iowa infantry will take place at the old home of Co. F, Sigourney, Keokuk county, Iowa, on the 1st and 2d days of September, 1886. Let every surviving member be present and make it a time long to be remembered. Business meeting the evening of the first day. Comrades, 22 years have passed away since the 5th Iowa infantry ceased to exist as an organization. The members are passing away very rapidly, and it is very meet that we should gather together and renew the acquaintances formed in the camp and on the field. Some of the members cannot be found. This should not be. Every member should be accounted for, dead or alive. We now have the addresses of 280. It is desired that all who see this call will send their postoffice address to the secretary at Blairstown, Benton county, Iowa.—GEO. T. DURRO, Co. I, Sec. 5th Iowa Inf. Ass'n, Blairstown, Iowa.

The Camp Fire.

"UNKOWN."

(Written where 251 Union and Confederate soldiers lay buried.)

The sunlight down long lanes of green
In slanted rays at evening shed
A peace that met the silence well,
The silence of the sleeping dead!

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, for, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries concerning the credibility of individuals or firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on separate sheets, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to answer it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." Our Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Citizenship.

Sub., Ellsworth, Wis.: 1. My father was born in England. I was born here. He failed to take out his naturalization papers. I am of age. Now, am I a citizen of the United States? 2. Will you please publish the decision of the Supreme court of the United States upon the "Slaughter-house case," so called, which refer to the above question?

1. Yes. 2. It is too long for this department. The decision, "boiled down," holds that the privileges and immunities which belong to one as a citizen of a state, and those which pertain to him as a citizen of the United States, are not the same, and that the latter only are protected by the 14th amendment to the constitution. The decision entire would make three or four pages of the BLADE. As the space of it is devoted to a discussion of the rights of the then newly-enfranchised colored people—rights now no longer in dispute. Following are quotations from the decision:

In the section of the fourteenth article, to which our attention is more especially invited, opens with a definition of citizenship—not only citizenship of the United States, but citizenship of the States. No such definition is to be found elsewhere in the Constitution, nor had any attempt been made to definite it by act of Congress. It had been the occasion of much discussion in the courts, by the executive departments and in the political journals. It had been said by eminent judges that no man was a citizen of the United States, except as he was a citizen of one of the States composing the Union. Those, it was said, only became citizens of the United States in the District of Columbia or in the territories, though within the United States, were not citizens. Whether this proposition was sound or not, had never been judicially decided. But it had been held by this court, in the celebrated Dred Scott case, only a few years before the outbreak of the civil war, that a man of African descent, whether a slave or not, was not and could not be a citizen of the United States. This decision, while it met the condemnation of some of the ablest statesmen and constitutional lawyers of the country, had never been overruled; and it was to be regretted, at least, that a decision of a limitation of the right of citizenship, then all the negro race who had recently been made freemen were still not only not citizens, but were incapable of becoming so by anything short of an amendment to the Constitution.

To remove this difficulty primarily, and to establish a clear and comprehensive definition of citizenship which should declare who were citizens of the United States, and also citizenship of a State, the first clause of the first section was framed.

"All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside."

The first observation we have to make on this clause is, that it puts at rest both the questions which we stated to have been the subject of differences of opinion. It declares that persons may be citizens of the United States without regard to their citizenship of a particular State, and it overturns the whole current of decision by making *all persons* born within the United States, and subject to its jurisdiction, citizens of the United States. That its main purpose was to establish definitely the citizenship of the negro can admit of no doubt. The phrase "subject to its jurisdiction" was intended to exclude from its operation children of ministers, consuls, and citizens or subjects of foreign States born within the United States.

The next observation is more important in view of the arguments of counsel in the present case. It is that the distinction between citizenship of the United States and citizenship of a State is clearly recognized and established. Not only may a man be a citizen of the United States without being a citizen of a State, but an important element is necessary to convert the former into the latter. He must reside within the State to make him a citizen of it, but it is only necessary that he should be born or naturalized in the United States to be a citizen of the United States.

It is quite clear, then, that there is a citizenship of the United States and a citizenship of a State, which are distinct from each other and which depend upon different characteristics or circumstances in the individual.

Governors of States.

W. C. C., Wadestown, W. Va.: Please publish a list of the governors of each state.

By the recent election in Oregon, the Democrats secure another governor, who takes his seat in January next. There are 38 States and 38 governors and the Republicans 18. There are 21 Republican and 17 Democratic legislatures. The governors and their salaries are given below:

State.	Governor.	Salary.
Alabama	E. A. O'Neal, D.	$3,000
Arkansas	S. P. Hughes, D.	3,000
California	G. C. Perkins, R.	6,000
Colorado	J. H. Eaton, R.	5,000
Connecticut	H. B. Harrison, R.	4,000
Delaware	C. C. Stockley, D.	2,000
Florida	W. D. Perry, D.	2,500
Georgia	H. D. McDaniel, D.	3,000
Illinois*	R. J. Oglesby, R.	6,000
Indiana	I. P. Gray, D.	5,000
Iowa	Wm. Larrabee, R.	3,000
Kansas	J. P. Martin, R.	3,000
Kentucky*	J. P. Knott, D.	5,000
Louisiana	S. D. McEnery, D.	4,000
Maine	F. Robie, R.	2,500
Maryland*	H. Lloyd, D.	4,500
Massachusetts	G. D. Robinson, R.	5,000
Michigan	R. A. Alger, R.	1,000
Minnesota	L. F. Hubbard, R.	5,000
Mississippi	R. Lowrey, D.	4,000
Missouri	J. S. Marmaduke, D.	5,000
Nebraska	J. W. Dawes, R.	2,500
Nevada	J. D. Adams, D.	5,000
New Hampshire	M. Currier, R.	1,000
New Jersey	L. Abbett, R.	5,000
New York	D. B. Hill, D.	10,000
North Carolina*	A. M. Scales, D.	3,000
Ohio	J. B. Foraker, R.	4,000
Oregon	Z. F. Moody, R.	2,000
Pennsylvania*	R. E. Patterson, D.	10,000
Rhode Island	G. P. Wetmore, R.	1,000
South Carolina*	H. S. Thompson, D.	3,500
Tennessee	W. C. Bate, D.	4,000
Texas	L. Ireland, D.	4,000
Vermont	S. E. Pingree, R.	1,500
Virginia*	F. Lee, D.	5,000
West Virginia	E. W. Wilson, D.	2,700
Wisconsin	J. M. Rusk, R.	5,000

*In these thirteen states the governor has a house free of rent, in addition to the salary of the office.

Haiti and Liberia.

Reader, Manhattan, Kan.:

1. Please give a description of the Republics known as Haiti and Liberia.

Haiti was formerly a French colony. It is now governed under a constitution proclaimed June 11, 1867. By its terms the legislative power rests in a national assembly, divided into two chambers, respectively called the Senate and House of Commons. The latter is elected by the direct suffrage of all male citizens of mature occupation, for the term of three years, while the members of the Senate are nominated for six years by the House of Commons from a list presented by the executive council; one-half retire every two years. The executive power is the hands of a President, who, according to the constitution, must be elected by the people, but in recent years has generally been chosen by the votes of the Senate and House of Commons, and sometimes by the troops. The usual term of office of the President is four years, but is generally cut short by insurrections. The executive is assisted by a council of state. The judiciary is French, though most of the people speak a debased dialect known as Creole French. The religion is nominally Roman Catholicism. The principal articles exported are coffee, mahogany, logwood and cotton.

2. The constitution and government of the republic of Liberia is on the model of that of the United States. The capital of the republic was virtually an attempt, made by American philanthropists, to show the capacity of the negro race for self-government; but the experiment has not proved successful. The area is about 600 miles of coast line, and extends back 100 miles on an average, with an area of about 14,300 square miles. The population is estimated at 1,000,000, all of the negro race, and of which number 18,000 are America-Liberians, and the remaining aboriginal inhabitants. Monrovia, the capital, has an estimated population of 3,000. The government is bankrupt. The chief articles of export are palm oil, nuts, ratchme, and ivory.

Discovery of America.

J. D. L., Lansing, Mich.:

In answer to J. C. N., Belmont, N. Y., you say that the ratified discovery of America was in 1170 by Madoc, a Welsh prince. Ridpath, in his history of the United States, says: "The western continent was first seen by white men in A. D. 986. A Norwegian by the name of Heniulfson, sailing from Iceland to Greenland, was caught in a storm and driven westward to Newfoundland or Labrador. The shores were seen, but no landing was effected. Arriving at Greenland, Heniulfson and his companions told wonderful stories of the new lands seen in the west. Fourteen years later, the actual discovery of America was made by Leif Ericsson, the son of Eric the Red. The fruitful country which Heniulfson had seen, he sailed westward from Greenland, and in the spring of the year 1001 reached Labrador. * * Massachusetts and Rhode Island were visited, and it is alleged that the adventurers found their way into New York harbor. * * * The settlements which were made were feeble and soon broken up. * * The spirit of adventure was soon appeased. Leif Ericsson and his companions returned to their own country. * * The Norse remains which have been found at Newport, at Fall river, and several other places, point clearly to the events here narrated; and the Icelandic historians give a circumstantial account of these early exploits of their countrymen. When the work 'America' is mentioned in the hearing of the school boys of Iceland, they will at once answer with enthusiasm, 'Oh, yes; Leif Ericson discovered that country in the year 1001.'" The readers of the BLADE can take this for all that it is worth.

If you will look at the answer to J. C. N. again, you will find that it does not say that the earliest discovery of America was in 1170. The Bureau has heretofore mentioned the traditions you quote from Ridpath's history.

Feejee Islands—Alexander the Great.

L. M. C., Antrim, O.:

1. Please give a short description of the Feejee Islands. 2. Give a sketch of Alexander the Great. 3. What was the number of soldiers who died in rebel prisons?

1. The entire group comprises altogether 225 reef-bound islands, islets and rocks, 80 of which are inhabited. Land area, 8,034 square miles. There are numerous spacious outlets, or passages, to and from the central space enclosed by the group and known as the Goro sea. Two of the islands are of large size. The Feejees are of volcanic origin, but no sign of volcanic heat have been met with, except at Savu-Savu, on the south shore of the island of Vanua Levu. The peaks are usually basaltic cones or needles, some of which rise to the height of several thousand feet. The luxuriant foliage covers these islands to their summits, giving them a singular pleasing and picturesque aspect. The soil consists of deep yellowish loam, with a large portion of decayed vegetable matter, which, aided by a fine climate and abundance of water, is extremely productive. Fruits of various kinds abounds, including the breadfruit and cocoanut of different sorts. The fruit, of which there are nine different sorts, the chief food of the inhabitants is the yam, of which they have five or six varieties. Sugar-cane, cotton, tumeric and tobacco are also cultivated. Vegetation is exceedingly rapid. The total population, about 120,000. Prior to the introduction of Christianity, the inhabitants of these islands were a barbarous and savage race, remarkable for cruelty, deceit and cowardice. They were also addicted to the most horrid and inhuman cannibalism; but nearly all have been Christinized by the labors of Wesleyan missionaries. In 1874 the islands passed under the sway of Great Britain. The government is administered by a governor appointed by the crown, assisted by an executive council consisting of the colonial secretary, the attorney general, the commissioner for native affairs, the receiver general, the auditor general and treasurer, and, in the absence of any one of these, the commissioner of lands. There is no military establishment in the colony, but there is a force of armed native constabulary, whose chiefs are contributed to periodicals from the age of 15, under the signature of "Ellen Louise," and has published a number of books. Lives in Boston, we think.

Sub., Marlin, Tex.:

1. What words do the following letters, which are seen in Catholic churches, represent, "I. N. R. I." and "I. H. S.?" 2. Is the original "Dan Rice," the old showman, still living?

1. I. N. R. I.—The letters which are found on the cross of the Savior are the initials of the Latin words, "Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judaeorum"—Jesus of Nazareth, king of the Jews. "I. H. S."—Jesus Hominem Salvatur"—Jesus the Savior of man. 2. No.

J. N. F., no postoffice:

1. Was there ever a time in the history of the United States that there was no duty on merchandise imported? 2. Will England allow other nations to send wares or merchandise to that kingdom free? 3. Tell me what the Cobden club is.

1. No. 2. The tendency is towards concentration of customs duties on a few articles. At present there are virtually but four articles of customs revenue—namely, tobacco, spirits, tea and wine. 3. A free trade club.

D. W. C., Van Wert, O.: The bill introduced by Mr. Williams, of Coshocton, provided that all male persons between the ages of 21 and 55, liable to perform jury duty, to be performed by labor specified, should annually perform two days' labor on the highways, "except every honorably discharged soldier who served in the United States army during actual war, pensioners of the United States government," and members of fire and military companies. This law went into effect on May 13.

S. B. Carthage, Mo.:

1. How long a time has to elapse after taking out my first paper declaring my intention of becoming a citizen, before I can such? 2. Can I vote in the meantime?

1. In two years if you have complied with the law. 2. Some states give the right of suffrage, others withhold it until final papers have been issued. In Missouri, one who has legally declared his intention of becoming a citizen in one year before he offers to vote, has resided in the state one year, and in the county, city or township sixty days, is allowed to vote.

Reader, French Lake, Minn.: The Erie canal, 363 miles long, connecting the Hudson river at Albany and Troy with Lake Erie at Buffalo, was commenced in 1817, and opened for use in 1825, having cost $7,602,000. The completion of this important waterway was principally due to the efforts of DeWitt Clinton. He first attempted to induce the general government to undertake the work, and failing in that brought forward the plan when he became governor, and by his influence succeeded in having it undertaken as a state work.

J. B. G., East Liverpool, O.:

Please tell me what instruments an amateur string band, composed of four or five persons, should play that will harmonize well with leading instrument, which will be a piccolo. 2. Where can goods be obtained?

1. For string band to use with piccolo a first and second violin and bass. For band of six, piccolo, first and second violin, violoncello, clarionet and cornet. The piccolo is too strong for so light a band as four. The first could be preferable. 2. Goods may be had of any dealer in musical instruments.

T. C. V., Pageville, Ky.: There are three classes of parrots which are distinct as to size. The largest are the macaws and about the medium size are the regular parrots, and the smallest are the paroquets. The principal talkers are the parrots proper, the macaws being poor talkers, while the paroquets do not talk at all. Sometimes buying a parrot always select a young bird unless you know what words the parrot is familiar with, as you will then be able to teach it every word it speaks; and, moreover, you will find a young bird far more likely to become tame and to break up old habits and ways. A young parrot is worth from $8 to $15, as you can buy it.

C. H. D., Shoals, Ind.:

Explain the origin of the names Whigs and Tories, as applied to English political parties.

The name Whig has been in vogue from the time of Charles II., and was a term of contempt bestowed by the court party upon their opponents, because of their pretended zeal for the Scotch Covenanters, to whom the word was originally applied. This sarcasm the popular party retaliated by calling the king's supporters, and all others who were willing to submit to this insulting reproach of Tory, an Irish term in use to denote a base scoundrel; but it was not till the time of Anne and George I. that the terms came into general use as distinctive appellations of the two great political parties of the country. Since then the principles of both sides have undergone considerable modification and change, but the name is still used as a distinctive badge of two political creeds.

T. R. W., Pomona, W. Va.:

What was the purport of Queen Elizabeth's proclamation against the Catholics?

It was the last proclamation issued by Elizabeth. She supposed that the Catholic influence would be used against the succession of James of Scotland. The regular clergy and their adherents she denounced as traitors; the seculars as disloyal and disobedient subjects; complained that in consequence of her clemency towards both these classes of men, they even "adventured to walk the streets at noonday," and carried themselves "so as to breed a suspicion that she professed not the religion she was." The document was followed up by the establishment of a new commission for the sole purpose of banishing summarily, and without any of the usual forms of trial, all Catholic priests found under such conditions as it chose to prescribe.

Sub., no postoffice!:

1. Give the best way of staining and oiling white pine floors. 2. Please give the address of a colored orphan asylum.

1. To prepare a wax for polishing floors, 12½ pounds yellow wax, rasped, are stirred into a hot solution of six pounds good pearl-ash, in rain water. Keeping the mixture well stirred while boiling, it is first quick, but soon considerably slower, as the effervescence ceases, heat is stopped, and then are added to the mixture, while stirring, six pounds dry yellow ochre. It may then be poured into tin cans or boxes, and hardens as it cools. When wanted for use, a pound of it is diffused in five pints boiling hot water, and the mixture, well stirred, applied while still hot to the floor by means of a yarn brush. It is left in a few hours, after which the floor is to be polished with a large floor-brush, and afterwards wiped with a coarse woolen cloth. A coat of this mixture will last six months. 2. There are asylums in all large cities where colored children are admitted; do not know of any exclusively for colored children.

T. H. A., Center Ark.:

1. Can you give the value of all the railroads and telegraph lines in the United States? 2. A dispute has arisen in regard to the amount expended for spirituous and malt liquors that are used in the United States, different parties making different estimates. Can you give the exact figures? 3. Has it ever been ascertained who Junius and Philo Junius were?

1. It is impossible to give exact figures in answer to such questions. There are about 117,000 miles of railroad in operation, of which 780 miles of railroad in operation, of which 780 miles of railroad in Canada. The total bonded indebtedness is placed at $7,431,732,454. The total cost of construction and equipment each mile, $55,325. The net earnings are about $208,064,496, and each decade paid about $1,000,000,000. The capital employed in telegraph companies is not less than $150,000,000. The expenses reach $13,000,000, and the profits $6,000,000. 2. It is estimated that the people of the United States annually consume 600,000,000 gallons of beer, drink $900,000,000, 3. No; but Macaulay said the evidence against Sir Philip Francis would convict that gentleman in a court of justice. Allibone's Dictionary of Authors takes the same view.

F. W. R., Ethel, Tenn.:

Give area, population, and mode of government of Siam.

Siam is an extensive kingdom of Southeastern Asia, consisting of 41 provinces, each governed by a phaja, or great functionary, and a lord-lieutenant. It has between India and China. Its area is estimated at 300,000 square miles, and its population at about 5,700,000. There are several ports along its coast-line, in the Gulf of Siam, but foreign commerce is chiefly carried on at Bangkok, a few miles up the river Menam, Paknam and Paklet being customs stations at its mouth. The chief products are rice, sugar, guava, mango, durrien and other fruits, cotton, tobacco, coffee, indigo, teak, sandal, rosewood and the aquila-tree are the chief woodland products. The principal manufactures are vases, urns and other vessels, in the making of which gold is embossed upon silver; gold-beating, iron-founding and pottery. The chief exports are rice, sugar, gums, hides, horns, oil-seeds, drugs, dye-woods and timber, etc. The chief imports are cotton, linen, glass, cutlery, hardware, etc. The government is an absolute and hereditary monarchy, and there are two kings. The first is the actual monarch; the second is the nominal head of the army.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Vitality and Color

Are restored to weak and gray hair, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Through its cleansing and healing properties, this preparation prevents the accumulation of Dandruff, and cures all scalp diseases.

When I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was weak, thin, and gray. My scalp was also full of dandruff, and itched incessantly. Two bottles of the Vigor removed the dandruff, stopped the irritation, restored my hair to its original color, and so stimulated its growth that I now have an abundance of long black hair. The occasional use of this remedy keeps my hair and scalp in perfect condition.—Florence J. Cannon, 759 Clinton st., Trenton, N. J.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

is, in every respect, the most cleanly of all preparations for toilet use.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

THE REBEL BOY'S MOTHER.

Two Letters from a Georgia Mother to Her Confederate Son—A Blind Hope in the Cause—A Picture of Southern Life at the Time—Two Interesting Relics.

Toledo Daily Blade, July 1.

Among the interesting relics in the collection of Mr. W. A. Woolson, at Memorial hall, are a couple of letters from a Southern lady to her son in the Confederate service; his name was C. M. Day, Co. D, 21st Ga. Batt. Cavalry. The letters were written on blue tinted paper in a good, legible, feminine hand. The sentiment of the letters show that she, like all Southern women whose sympathies were with the Confederacy, had a wonderful hope for the ultimate success of the cause. The people in the North know how the Northern mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts stood the terrors of war and felt for those absent at the front, but few have had an opportunity to see how the Southern women felt. It is very evident that a mother is a mother the world over and is a steadfast supporter of the cause of her loved ones.

SAVANNAH, March 23, 1864.

MY DEAR SON:—I was very glad to get your letter of the 17th, having a restless anxiety to hear further after the shooting of Maj. White. * * * I hope, my son, you will succeed in your wishes. We will not be as sanguine as we were under similar circumstances in C. S. A., and a disappointment will be less keenly felt. If success is the best for us we shall submit cheerfully. All these things are overruled by an all-wise Providence. Do right and wait. I thought of you and shivered for you and all soldiers last night; it was so wretchedly cold. It has cleared off pleasantly to-day, and we may now reasonably expect warm weather. The difficulty of obtaining provisions has three-fold increased since the passage of the "Currency Law," and will not much improve during the continuance of the old issue. If we could procure shad at their cost where you are we could salt some for summer use and they would be a perfect luxury. The Yankees would exult at the sparseness of good things on our table. I hardly taste a fish or anything else. Dined with Mr. Habersham the other day at table to your father that I arose from my meals with an unsatisfied feeling and asked if it was not his case. He replied, "I am glad when I am done eating!" Don't think I am murmuring, though. Separation from the North is too cheaply purchased at the cost of such trivial privations. I hope before long you will continue on Waccamaw this summer. But somehow you have a masterly faculty of disposing of your funds, etc. * * * Your affectionate mother.

SAVANNAH, April 10, 1864.

MY DEAR SON—Yours of the 4th inst. came to hand yesterday and I hardly know whether I had better respond, as you are under marching orders. I have been sending off letters through the week that I hope will reach you. Your proposed move renders me uncomfortable. I have hoped you could spend the summer in the rock. And then again, the dilapidated state of your wardrobe. I wish I had hold of your worn shirts and socks. I could fix them with them. Miller's Bait left last week for Columbia, S. C., (so it was said) *en route* for Richmond. I should not think your eyes were fit for field service, and I wish under the circumstances you had not to go. I suppose those regular officers are coming? I suppose impossible for you to get a furlough from the 21st. Hope it is all for the best. I regret that the bosom was not rigged right. Can you tell me how it should be and what is wrong about it, and if it is too wide? Times are worse and worse. I think they must "touch bottom" by July 1, when the 5's go out of circulation. Nothing must have an improvement. What do you think of $4 per dozen for eggs? One egg now costs more than we sold grown fowls for when we were in the country. Still my faith never waivers. *We shall succeed.* God grant that you and me live to see it. No neglect of letters. No intelligence from you distresses me beyond reason. Can I do anything for you? God bless and keep you! Remember Him. Your father sends love.

Your affectionate MOTHER.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's patent improved cushioned ear drums perfectly restore the hearing and prevent the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials. Address or call on Peck Bros., 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper. Beware of fraudulent imitators.

Fire Hand Grenades.

Fire grenades, which still continue to be freely advertised with lavish testimonials of their value, have engaged the attention of German physicists who confirm the reports made in this country as to their comparative worthlessness, except as furnishing a ready supply of so much water. It is believed, however, that something of the kind may be prepared, both dry and liquid, which will be more useful, and Dr. Dietrich, of Berlin, is now engaged for the purpose. One of these is intended to act by withdrawing or consuming the oxygen, the other by coating the combustible objects with a protecting crust. The former, or "dry fire extinguisher," is made as follows: Nitrate of potash, powdered, 50 parts; sulphur, powdered, 36 parts; charcoal powdered, four parts, and colcothar, one part. These are dried thoroughly and then mixed and fitted into pasteboard boxes, each holding about five pounds. Through an orifice in the side a fuse or quick-match is fixed, which extends some four inches inward and two inches outward, so that it can be lighted on the outside. These extinguishers are intended for closed rooms, and are said to act automatically. Dr. Dietrich says that he has tried them and has found their effect excellent. The liquid fire-extinguisher is made of chloride of lime, crude, twenty parts, common salt, eleven parts, water, 100 parts. This solution can be thrown into the fire by a hand-pump or in ordinary bottles. The burning portions become incrusted and cease to be combustible. Persons could very well make their own solution and keep them in convenient places, together with hand-pumps for projecting the liquid.

Free Trade in Theory and Practice.

Free trade is a good deal like socialism. It has many beautiful sides in theory. Everybody is happy under its theoretical benefits. But it works badly. The first time socialism began to work in Chicago, 66 keepers of the peace fell to the dust, and six men fell into prison. So with free trade. The first time it is put in operation soon manufacture goes to the wall, soon shepherd goes into the wheat business, and some lumberman stops all the mills on a dozen rivers. It would cost this country hundreds of millions to get a free-trade basis. Panic would follow panic. By that time all other nations would have a high tariff again.—*Chicago Current.*

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A POSITIVE CURE for every form of SKIN and BLOOD DISEASE FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This, unequaled daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

KIDNEY PAINS, Strains and Weakness instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. New, elegant, infallible.

CORN POPPED ON THE STALK.

The Particularly Hot Day Amos L... Remembers.

"I don't remember having experien... particularly hot day," said Amos L... pulling a piece of tin out of his right ... "but I'll tell you what I have seen. ... night, three years ago this fall, I was c... ing out in the big woods of Wisconsin... day had been pleasant, but along ... midnight I experienced a peculiar s... tion. It was with great difficulty th... could breathe. My throat and nose fe... though they had been choked up ... something strangely disagreeable. A... wind blew through the pine trees over ... head, and the balsam boughs upon w... was lying burned my flesh like re... gridirons. I tried to move, but with ... success. I had lost all control over ... muscles, and there I lay a helpless priso... listening to the ground cracking for m... around. After an hour of most excr... ting agony I heard something patter ... the earth. It must be rain, I said to ... self, closing my eyes. Then I fell as... When I awoke next morning it was f... ing cold. I tried to get up, but I ... move neither limb nor muscle. I ... pinned to the ground.

"What was the matter with you?" ... quired Moses Fishback, catching a dro... perspiration as it fell off the end of ... nose.

"It had been so hot," continued Am... "that it had started the gum out of the pi... and this beastly stuff had fallen upon ... drop by drop, until it covered all my ch... ing and ran out upon the ground. ... the weather turned cold and froze the s... and there I was stuck to the ground. ... to lay there until the sun got hot enou... to release me. The next day I passed ... of farms where popcorn had been po... on the stalk, and a prettier looking sig... never saw. The stalks looked like ... sprays of white flowers."—*Chicago Her...*

Chicago is a Great City.

Advance sheets of the tenth annual ... port of the department of public works ... the city council for the fiscal year en... December, 1885, have been publish... While the tenth annual report of the ... partment of public works, it is the thi... second annual report which DeWitt C. ... gier has prepared and presented to ... council during his official connection w... the city government. It contains a sta... mary of the additions and improveme... made during the year under the su... vision of the department. There is ... in use in the city 562 2-10 miles wa... pipe, 21 8-10 miles more than shown ... the record of a year ago. The number ... fire hydrants added was 327, making a ... tal of 4,943 in use. The total number ... service pipes in use is 98,688, and increa... of 6,555. The revenue collected for wa... measured by the 2,897 meters in use ... $455,862.29, an increase of $47,796.6... on the preceding year. There were fu... ished to the city during the year 33,45... 56,805 gallons of water, a daily avera... of over 91,632 gallons. Twenty-four mi... miles of brick and pipe sewers, from ... inches to 9 feet in diameter, were c... structed, making a total of 436 mil... There were 800,877.79 square yards ... 37.71 miles of roadway paved; 46,5... square yards of street pavement repair... and 69,699 square yards of pavement la... by street railway companies in the stre... occupied by their tracks.

The total number of miles of pav... streets in the city is 245.96; new sidewa... constructed, 80.25 miles; repaired, 43.... total sidewalk mileage, 838.65; number ... miles of streets cleaned, 2,626.47. The ... tal number of street lamps is 2,110, ... which 876 gas lamps and 1,161 oil lam... were erected during the year.—*Chic... Herald.*

An Important Function Stimulated.

The kidneys exercise most important fu... tions, which are so wearisome that they ta... the strength and endurance of these busy little organs. Every breath, ev... pulsation of the heart, every movement of ... limb, every thought, makes waste and neces... tates their development of new tissue. The company ... up particles in the blood are sifted from it ... dissolved in a watery fluid by the kidne... which then discharge this fluid into the bl... der. A train of disasters to the system ... follow if these organs cease, so to speak, were ... thoroughly strained off and discharged. T... is the case when the kidneys become inacti... Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by restoring th... activity, not only imparts new strength to ... outlet for impurities, but prevents diseases ... the kidneys themselves, which, when inert, ... comes liable to fall a prey to diabetes, Bright's ... disease, nephritis, albuminuria, and other ... dities typically incident to them, which, ... though not specially rapid in their progress ... are particularly obstinate and fatal.

Sen. Coke Dislikes Receptions.

Sen. Coke, of Texas, is a big-framed, ... heavy-built man, better adapted by natu... for the frontier than a lady's drawing ... room; not that he is wanting in the fin... sensibilities, but he does not like to ... hedged in and restricted by the conve... tionalities of fashion. He imposes up... by votaries. He wants room to swi... himself in and to put his big foot dow... without any apprehension that it gets ... forbidden ground.

"Are you going to the reception to-night ... Coke?" Beck inquired of the Texas sena... for last Tuesday.

"No, I ain't," responded the big man ... a voice that has the ring of manly earnes... ness about it. "I'm not going to any mo... of these receptions and fal-de-rals. Wh... Beck, len'me tell you; the last one I we... to I was walking slowly across the roo... and presently I noticed a lady a-bowin' an... a-smilin' at me. She was de lady's dressm... eight feet off, and, as I didn't know her, ... looked to see what she meant. She ke... on bowin' and smilin', and I noticed tw... fellows pretty close to her. I conclude... that one or both of them was a-standin' o... her dress, so I reached over, give each one pu... a shove and said: 'Git out de way, fellers, ... dress myself. I ain't a-goin' any mo', f... the way the women wear dresses now... trailin' along five or six yards behind them ... you can't tell where to put your foot."

Web-Footed Cows.

The cows down at Empire, on the Carson ... river, feed on the numerous low, ... islands at that point, which divide the riv... up into many meandering sloughs a... branches. A short time ago, when t... river was high, these islands were com... pletely submerged, but now they are abo... water again and covered with short, swe... grass, which they seek. They are so used to wading and swimming fr... one island to another that their feet ha... become broad, with a strong, thick w... like sole leather formed between the to... Any one of those cows can out-swim a r... boat or an alligator.—*Virginia (Nev.) Ent... prise.*

Cooler—and Saves Clothes.

A woman of Henry county, Ill., brou... from the South a 10-year-old negro gir... few months ago. One hot afternoon ... cently she found the girl in the act of ... robing. Her horrified mistress ordered ... to replace her garments. The girl pa... tested that it was too hot to wear the... "What did you do in the South when it w... hot?" asked the mistress. "Used to ... all day in de creek," was the reply.

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L. S. L.

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1	do do	
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100	do 500	
100	do 300	
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$6 will pay for a Waterbury Watch and twenty three-months' subscription to the WEEKLY BLADE. Go to work at once.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE general business outlook for the last half of 1886 is decidedly more favorable than for any time in the past four months. A genuine revival of traffic, of at least moderate proportions, is generally looked for, and the anticipation will go far toward making it a reality. The Boston *Herald* declares that the best-informed business men of the country seem to be of the opinion that a change for the better has taken place in the current of trade, and although intense business activity is not to be expected, yet the signs point to a fair demand upon traders and producers for all classes of merchandise.

THE wheat harvest is progressing favorably. The new crop is of good quality, and the only drawback to the prosperity of the farmers is the low price at which this wheat must be sold. The general crop situation, regarding corn, hay, cotton, tobacco and sugar is excellent, though there are large areas of the West suffering for the lack of rain.

THE outlook is for a very hot summer. The cool "waves" of June were the result of the great power of the sun in polar regions, melting vast masses of ice and snow, and thus cooling the winds of the North. There is a wide drouth area on the great plains of the West, and the great heat all over the Northwest, with the steadiness with which low air pressure is maintained in that section, give promise not only of a hot summer, but of a prolongation of the summer heat far into September. The conditions are much like those prevailed in 1881, which will be remembered as a year of drouth and prolonged hot weather.

THE following is the position of the six regular appropriation bills which still await the action of Congress: The legislative bill has passed both Houses, and awaits the action of the conferees; the river and harbor bill is the unfinished business of the Senate; the naval bill has been reported by the Senate committee on appropriations, and is upon the Senate calendar; the sundry civil bill is before the Senate committee; the general deficiency bill is under consideration in the House, and the fortification bill has not yet been reported from the House committee.

THE Senate is expected to devote this week to the river and harbor bill, the naval appropriation bill and the oleomargarine bill. The House will consider appropriations and the land grant forfeiture bills.

PRES. CLEVELAND has under consideration the expediency of abolishing the age limitation in the civil service rules. They now prohibit appointments of men over 45, and this cuts out many ex-rebels and Northern copperheads. Hence the pressure for the abolition of the limit.

CLEVELAND has signed the Fitz John Porter bill, and it is now a law. That commander has been "vindicated," as far as a partisan vote in Congress can do it. Of the 30 votes cast in the Senate in favor of the bill, nineteen were cast by Southern ex-Confederates, four by Southern men who were not in the Confederate service, six by Northern men who were not in the Union army, and but one by an ex-Union soldier. Congress and the President have pulled the nail out of the wall, but the nail-hole remains; and it is as much of a disfigurement as was the other.

IT is now said that three reports will be submitted to the United States Senate from the committee on Privileges and Elections on the PAYNE bribery case. The four Democratic members will submit a report denouncing the charges of bribery as absurd and groundless. Messrs. EVARTS, LOGAN and TELLER, spurred to action by the severe criticisms of the press on their action, will submit a special report in which they will gently remark that as the bribery was in the caucus, they don't think the Senate has any authority in the matter; while the other two Republicans will make a strong report in favor of an investigation. Thus there will be no report from a majority of the committee, and it is not impossible that the Senate may order a thorough overhauling of the whole matter.

THE Senate committee on Pensions administered a scathing rebuke to the President in its report to the Senate, recommending the passage of a certain pension bill over the President's veto. In a dignified manner the committee called attention to the wholesale vetoing of proper measures; showed that three times as many Senate bills are vetoed as House bills, and calls attention to the special antagonism to the Senate on the part of the President which this displays; and condemns CLEVELAND for relying for his facts upon reports from department clerks, he being totally ignorant himself of the manner in which pension legislation is conducted in both houses of Congress, and making no effort to ascertain the nature of the additional evidence, often of the most important nature, in the hands of the committee reporting the bills. The seeming brutality of some of his utterances in pension vetoes is touched with a firm hand, and the report is one that every intelligent citizen should read with care.

MAHONE is energetically at work in Virginia, endeavoring to overthrow the Bourbon regime under which the Old Dominion lies prostrate. The Democrats are scared at his work, and express their fears that two congressional districts now held by them will be captured by the Republicans. We hope their fears are well founded.

THE settled policy of the Roman Catholic church in Europe is to oppose all kinds of secret societies, and it appears that it will be followed vigorously in America, as is shown by the Pope's approval of the letter of the cardinal archbishop of Canada against the Knights of Labor and other organizations. It seems probable that thus the Knights of Labor will lose all the Catholic Irish workingmen from this cause.

GOV. CURTIN, of Pennsylvania, has announced his intention of retiring to private life at the end of his present Congressional term. He has been in active political life for 35 years past. In that time he has been secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, superintendent of Public instruction, war governor of Pennsylvania, minister of the United States to Russia, member of the Constitutional convention of Pennsylvania, and since 1881 a member of Congress.

THE report comes from New London, Conn., where Ex-Pres. ARTHUR is summering, that he is convalescing. He is not strong, but is able to take open air exercise when the weather is fair, and his physician expresses hope of his complete recovery.

THE oleomargarine tax bill has been reported to the Senate without amendment, Messrs. JONES of Arkansas, GIBSON, FAIR and GEORGE of the committee, opposing it. There was no report accompanying it. The general belief is that the bill pass with the idea of placing the responsibility on the President if he should see fit to veto it.

ON July 1 Rhode Island entered upon the era of Prohibition, the new constitutional provision going into effect upon that day. A special from Providence says that the people generally look for a rigid enforcement of the law, and a very fair degree of success is predicted for Prohibition from the very start.

LOCAL OPTION is making steady headway in Virginia. Up to date fifteen counties have voted under the law passed last winter, of which twelve were carried for prohibition.

SIMPSON and Copiah counties, Mississippi, have just been carried for prohibition on the local option plan.

THE military guards of honor about the tombs of Gen. GRANT at Riverside Park, N. Y., and that of GARFIELD at Cleveland, were removed on June 30.

THE Iowa Democratic State convention adopted a platform which endorses CLEVELAND and his administration; favors honest pension bills, but opposes special laws; calls on Congress to revise the tariff laws so as to meet the needs of revenue only; declares in favor of the payment of the public debt; in favor of the legislative adjustment of the labor question; denounces the new Congressional district law; demands the investigation of all malfeasance in public offices; favors the repeal of the state prohibitory law and the enactment of a local option law, extending to counties and cities, the license adopted to be not less than $500.

IT is reported that Rep. WM. L. SCOTT, of Erie, Pa., has written to a friend that CLEVELAND has formally offered him the secretaryship of the Treasury, to begin October 1, on which date, so the letter says, MANNING's resignation will be accepted. Mr. SCOTT represents himself as considering whether to accept.

THE news from the great election struggle now going on in Great Britain is as yet indefinite, though so far as known not encouraging to the ministry. It is the cities, however, which have been voting, and the whole aspect of things may be changed, as last year, when the agriculturists came to utter their verdict. It would certainly seem that in gratitude to Mr. GLADSTONE, who, more than any other man, is responsible for the act which gave them suffrage, they would support him in this great crisis, even if the cause were less just. But gratitude is not always found where it should be, and it is possible that these very people may be those who will defeat their best friend.

WHATEVER the result of the present Parliamentary election may be, the Irish question can never go back to its old position. Lord SALISBURY's method of a coercive legislation that will not flinch, is dead forever, and dead within a year. Ireland must have a self-government of some kind, and the problem now to be considered is what kind, and she is supposed to keep it as long as she lives. It should therefore be something valuable and, as JOHN BRIGHT, in the midst of his fierce opposition to Home Rule brought forward by Mr. GLADSTONE, admit, something of this kind. The latter may be defeated at this time, but, he has set currents of thought in motion which will never be checked until some definite solution of the Irish matter in the direction of autonomy shall be worked out.

JOHN BRIGHT has, for a second time, disappointed his friends upon both sides of the water. It was his letter to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN which defeated the second reading of the Home Rule bill. He expressed no opinion until the last moment, and then spoke with an intensity that had its strong influence with those who have for so long been accustomed to regard his utterances as those of an oracle. Now, again, he has delivered his first speech in the canvass, on the eve of the election in 70 important boroughs, and when Mr. GLADSTONE would have no chance to make a reply. This was evidently arranged for the purpose of influencing the waverers in the constituencies precisely as he had thrown the weight of his name, reputation and popularity against Mr. GLADSTONE before the critical division in the Commons.

THE French Senate has taken measures to relieve the idle laborers in Paris by adopting the bill authorizing the issue of a loan of $50,000,000 to inaugurate and carry on public improvements for the furnishing of work to the unemployed.

POPULAR discontent in Spain has been by no means allayed by the birth of an hereditary monarch, and it is evident that the shrewd Minister SAGASTA perceives this and has endeavored to preserve present peace by the statement recently made in the Cortes to the effect that if a Republican majority should be returned at any time, he would submit the question of the form of government to the nation.

WITHIN the last two weeks the Spanish government has made two decrees which are of great importance to the people of the United States, as well as to Spain and her colonies. The first one places American ships upon an equality with Spanish ships in importing goods into Cuba; the second abolishes, after the first of August, the special tonnage tax levied on merchandise from American to Spanish ports.

A VERY interesting experiment in South African emigration is being attempted, according to an English paper. Eighty emigrants, all total abstainers, are to be sent to Kaffraria. Each one is to have 120 acres of land and other help, and the band has been selected with the greatest care. It should be successful, for Kaffraria has a fine climate and excellent soil and is well adapted for the raising of stock, as well as for agriculture. Fruits of all kinds abound, and there seems to be no reason why the emigrants thus sent should not form the nucleus of a large and flourishing colony. It is in this way that Great Britain has extended her power.

THE peasantry of Servia are in revolt, refusing to pay the taxes levied since the Bulgarian war.

THE cholera is gradually extending. It now prevails in two cities of Hungary, evidently brought from Italy.

PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND gave a heavy majority against secession from the Dominion of Canada.

A curious fact that most people have ... pet economy, even if they are ... extravagant in the expenditure of ... y. There will be a disposition to feel ... others are not prudent who do not re... n themselves in the same direction ... uently, there is neither rhyme nor ... n in the matter. It seems to be simp... caprice. The Salad server recalls to ... one lady, with the control of funds ... ent to satisfy all of her reasonable ... es, who went without a gossamer ... for years because she could not make ... r mind to spend the necessary money ... ocure it. "When it rains," she said, ... ways think I will get one as soon as I ... reach the store, but when the sun ... s again, I feel as if it would ... rowing away what it would cost." ... she was liberal in all other directions. ... men, who never hesitate about buy... other household stores, and are gen... s to their families in most ways, will ... h closely every particle of waste in ... r light. A shivering atmosphere is ... pervade the house in winter when ... are at home, and the gas is ... d down upon the smallest pretext. ... persons are careful to pick up and ... ins; one woman directed her ener... the hoarding of brown paper; and ... old of a millionaire that, while he ... elegantly and spent generously, he ... be angry if the blank half-sheet was ... n off letters received at his office ... ved for use. Human nature is of in... variety.

... said of two of the most delightfully ... t flowers that grow upon this con... the magnolia, and the tea olive ... in two or three of the Southern ... that their odor has never been sim... in perfume. Experiment after ex... nt has been made, and when it ... d as if success had been obtained, the ... oment, before the conditions could ... d and determined, it was lost again. ... s no doubt, however, but that some ... ll yet find a method of imitating their ... and exquisite fragrance, which ... and goes so quickly as only to leave ... pression of fleeting pleasure. The ... ill of the perfumer lies in simulat... ch delicate odors. Those which are ... er and coarser are less agreeable, and ... people do not like to employ them. ... perfumery skillfully is an art, for ... aste forbids that there shall be about ... erson anything more than a sugges... some sweet smelling blossom, and ... er and more intangible, while yet ... otible, the more agreeable and artis... . The production of some of the ... delightful perfumes has been the ... of years.

... aps the salad server will be called ... y to order for saying that the styles ... ing are becoming each year less ... ul and more—well, in place of a bet... ord—accentuated. Those who have ... lookers-on at the Bugle Call during ... o weeks past will understand what ... nt. There is very little of the grace... lling movement in the dance without ... and is the poetry of motion, but the ... s throw themselves, as it were, in a ... ng manner, and woe betides those ... nce to come in their way. Some ... gain, they go with a hitch and a ... s if it were a sort of gymnastic ex... to bring into play the greatest num... of the muscles of the body. The salad ... does not mean to be unkind, for ... were many persons on the floor dur... se evenings who were very graceful ... ir appearance until they began to ... obedience to the music, and then ... e they became "fantastic."

... KING of dancing recalls the follow... scription of a novel dance that was ... ced at the graduating ball lately at ... Point, which is said to have been ... effective, and the thought is sug... that the lovers of the dance in To... ght, before the next season of balls ... begin, evolve something new from ... brains in a similar direction, though ... ecessarily of a military character: ... een couples went out and at a signal ... ed partners. At a second signal the ladies ... in line facing the band, gentlemen on ... en got swords from a table and formed ... cing the ladies. The following military ... nds were then given and executed: ... nt arms, carry arms, count fours, twos ... march, company halt. This brought the ... to two lines facing each other. They ... swords, and the ladies marched under ... lifted weapons to their original positions, ... all landing in the first in which she ... ally fell." The alternate leads, giving the ... to the ladies, were also pretty. The ... gentlemen having been brought into ... facing each other, the ladies, and the gentlemen marched ... those to their original places. The ... fifth and seventh figures were favor fig... but the sixth, personal favors and military ... tions. After the second signal the ladies ... gentlemen formed in two companies, with ... of 40, the ladies behind their partners, ... end of the hall through the main en... . This figure was exceedingly effective, ... h the ladies were not quite so expert at ... into line as their well-drilled partners.

WHY is the diamond considered *par excellence* the proper thing for an engagement ring?" asks a young man who is upon the eve of purchasing that article. Probably two reasons: One is that it is the first ... nt that must be made to the affianced ... , and she is supposed to keep it as ... as she lives. It should therefore be ... thing valuable and, as the world ... plainly, and JOHN BRIGHT, in the midst ... that it is a happy love offering, worth ... keeping. The value of the diamond ... not be disputed. Again, it is a stone ... never changes, being always bright ... sparkling, and thus emblematic of ... wedded love should be. These two ... derations seem to answer the ques... current of thought in motion which will never be checked until some definite solu... engagement rings:

... would not choose the ruby; it is too showy, ... d and indiscreet; my taste inclines toward ... sapphire and the diamond, of which the one ... not go well without the other. I should not ... a large sapphire surrounded by dia... ; I should ask our jeweler-artists to in... in happy combination the sapphire and ... mond; the turquoise is also a tasteful ... , but when it is constantly worn it has the ... disadvantage of changing its color, and ... change most women attach sad and son... superstition. It should, therefore, not ... worn for the first present, which is worn ... cherished while life lasts, and which re... from the days of youth while everything ... changes.

... a good thing for people, oppressed ... the dull round of daily care, the same ... work from morning and evening ... days in the week and fifty-two ... in the year, to remember that they ... factors in the plans of the Almighty ... world's progress. This grand ... is from the pen of Edward Everett ... an whom the world's lowly workers ... find a deeper, truer friend. It is a ... thought that we are co-workers ... , and that by doing the work in ... ted sphere nobly and well, with... repining, we are carrying out ... of the All-wise. Women often ... ssly chafe at the monotony of ... ties; they have their seasons of ... and depression, which might be ... more bearable did they but ... that to the hands of women—to ... rs of the world—is committed ... ially the noblest work that God ... or any of his human creatures—... ing of the young. If the next ... n is to be greater than this—if ... d women are to be of broader ... catholic views, of greater charity ... fellows, of greater integrity, of ... honor, it will only be because the ... of this generation have done their ... life-work thoroughly and well. ... that rocks the cradle rules the ... ."

... a remarkable fact," said an observ... man the other day, "that Ameri... and especially those on this side ... Alleghenies, grow to the westward, ... there is some natural obstacle in the ... tract of swamp, a wide stream, or ... g of that sort. Of those located ... vigable rivers, by far the greater ... are upon the western bank. Where ... on both sides, the western section ... faster than the eastern. Why, do ... All there you have me. It only ... be fact. It may be mere coinci... as you suggest. But may not the ... desire of our people to 'go West' ... influence on this? Is it not one of ... ults of the great westward drift of ... van race, which has persisted ... the centuries since they left their ... on the Himalayan plateaus?" Verily, ... d-mixer knows not, but submits ... tion for the consideration of the ... of the BLADE.

... ery great many households, the ... re of necessity buyers. The hus... vides the cash, the expenditure is ... the wife. Hence it behooves a ... know her business. To learn to ... closely should be a part of every ... cation. She should learn the ...

THE Senate on Friday considered the Postoffice appropriation bill, the conference committee reporting inability to agree on the steamship subsidy amendment. After an effective speech by Sen. HALE, on the necessity of building up the American commercial marine by enabling it to compete with foreign steamships, the Senate voted to insist upon its previous action in approving the subsidy amendment. The bill goes again to the House, and, in case of continued disagreement upon the amendment, the Senate must eventually recede from its position, in order to save the postal appropriations for the coming year.

GEN. LOGAN'S "EXPLANATION."

Gen. LOGAN'S action as a member of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, in the matter of the charges against Sen. PAYNE, of Ohio, has been the subject of much criticism. It will be remembered that the committee consists of nine Senators—four Democrats and five Republicans. The charge against PAYNE was the use of money in his election as Senator from Ohio, in January, 1884. By a vote of 7 to 2 the Election committee recently decided that there was no sufficient ground upon which to order an investigation by the Senate. Three Republicans—Messrs. TELLER, MITCHELL and LOGAN—voted with the four Democrats against further investigation. Gen. LOGAN is now in the West, and on July 1 was in St. Louis. He was there interviewed by a representative of the *Globe-Democrat*, from which paper we extract the following in reference to the PAYNE matter:

Sen. Logan said the newspaper attacks upon him in this case arose from a misapprehension of the facts. The case had to be investigated in a legal way, and Senators had to decide as lawyers. The question before the Election committee was not whether money had or had not been used at Columbus, but whether it had or had not been used to corrupt members of the Ohio legislature in their votes for Senator. It appeared in evidence that money was used in a caucus at which a Senatorial nomination was made; but it did not appear that a dollar was used in the Senatorial election itself.

"The Senate," said Gen. Logan, "cannot investigate the proceedings of a caucus, and nothing but caucus proceedings were offered in evidence. There was no proof of bribery in either House of the legislature, after the caucus had nominated Mr. Payne. We stood upon that ground, and made our majority report upon that ground."

To illustrate still further his views on the subject, Gen. LOGAN continued, "with some warmth," the reporter remarks:

"Why, if they want to investigate the use of money outside of a ball to influence a nomination, I can show that Grant was beaten in Chicago in 1880 by the use of money. Yes, sir,"—growing still warmer, and pointing to a visitor from Central Illinois—"a delegate from your district got $160 for violating his instructions to vote for Grant. It was a cheap sell-out, but I know all about it."

"So do I," said the gentleman who was pointed at. "The fellow took the money and voted against Grant, but he's been a dead man politically ever since."

With all due respect for Sen. LOGAN, his explanation is a mere splitting of technical hairs. From his reference to the Chicago convention of 1880 we infer that he makes a distinction between bribery in the nomination and bribery in the election. The cases of the election of an United States Senator by a state legislature and of a President of the United States by the people, are, however, not at all parallel. In the latter case, a convention composed of a very small proportion of the whole body of voters, puts a man in nomination. The votes of those who nominated him are entirely too few to effect his election, or to exert any but the very slightest influence on the sum total of his vote. In the case of a Senator, the case is entirely different.

To illustrate this in the PAYNE case: The caucus referred to was the caucus of all the Democratic members of the Ohio General Assembly. That caucus was called to agree upon a party candidate for United States Senator. However diverse the views of these Democratic members might be as to candidates, it was expected, as is the rule in such cases, that the action of a majority of that caucus should be binding upon every Democrat in the legislature; that all should vote for the caucus nominee. As the legislature had a Democratic majority, it follows that the real struggle for the Senatorship took place in that caucus. The men whose votes in caucus were bought for PAYNE, also voted for PAYNE in the joint session of both houses. The same men who nominated PAYNE, elected him. The votes that were bought for him in the caucus were the very votes which made his election possible in the General Assembly.

We submit that the two cases brought up by Gen. LOGAN in his explanation are not at all parallel, and that his "explanation" does not explain. The bribery would have been ineffective did not the vote for PAYNE in caucus bind the same men to vote for him in the joint session of the legislature. The money was not for the nominating vote alone, but for the electing vote as well. LOGAN's position would be sound if one set of men nominated and an entirely different set of men elected; but where the same members not only nominated, but had the power to elect, and did elect, his attitude is nonsensical. We are astonished and grieved that the Senator should use so sophistical an argument. The Republicans of Ohio and of the nation thought better of him.

THE "MERCER ESTATE."

There are, altogether, a good many thousand people in the United States who have a foolish idea that they are going to get rich through the establishment of heirship to the grantees or original owners of land in New York and elsewhere. As a rule, these expectant ones are either mere dreamers, or else the dupes of legal sharks, who bleed them by assessments, and support themselves for years on the sums they manage to extort through the cupidity of their victims. Everybody can recall the long struggle made by the supposed heirs of ANNEKE JANS to obtain the real estate of Trinity church, New York. It went on in the courts for years, and cost the claimants a good deal of money, but hardly any one except themselves, ever imagined that even if it went on till doomsday, they would gain a dollar by it. All the cash they spent upon lawyers was just so much thrown away, and the claimants had an abundance of vexation and disappointment besides.

At present a similar effort is making to obtain from the present owners what is called the "Mercer estate"—a large area of valuable property in New York city, situated in the neighborhood of Washington square, which once belonged to the Revolutionary hero, Gen. MERCER. No doubt a vast amount of money will be spent by these alleged heirs, who have formed a huge syndicate, with Gen. FREMONT as a figure-head to give it prominence. The lawyers will fatten on the funds, and all the claimants will get will be experience—for prominent New York real estate lawyers who are in a position to know something about such matters say the titles of the present holders of the Mercer estate are as sound as any in New York, and will be held good by any court that may be called upon to investigate.

The best advice that can be given to supposed claimants is to drop the whole matter at once and forever, for nothing is more difficult than to dispossess owners holding real estate. A flaw in a title a generation ago is of no particular value as against the actual possession of the property. But estate-hunters won't take advice. When they get their cupidity aroused, reason is of no effect, and they will go on in their delusion till death comes, or absolute poverty compels them to stop. The history of American claims to great estates in England shows this. Though it has been declared over and over that the estates claimed never had any existence at all, the claimants won't be discouraged, but persist in going ahead as confidently as if the money they think they ought to get were piled up before their eyes.

IT may be set down as certain that the Democratic party will never be intrusted with control of the state government nor of the Ohio legislature by the people until it has purged itself of coal oil, boodle, PAYNE, MCLEAN, and other allied corrupt elements.

SHEEP are being sold at sixpence per head in many parts of New South Wales, Australia. The depression has been caused by the unprecedented dryness of the season, and also by the ruinously low value of wool.

WHY MANUFACTURERS RUN AT A LOSS.

There is a vast amount of ignorance among the people concerning manufacturing enterprises during dull times. Some of the statements made in workingmen's meetings, through the labor press, and in the columns of free trade newspapers, as well as by free trade orators, evince a most deplorable lack of knowledge on the part of men who should be better informed. It is certainly not asking too much of a man who accepts the position of adviser to any section of his fellow men—whether he be stump speaker or delivers his arguments through the columns of a paper—that he shall know what he is talking about. If he does not, he is a blind leader of the blind, and he and his followers fall into the ditch of error.

The gentlemen mentioned above are fond of enlarging upon the enormous profits of all manufacturing industries, and they have alleged that the average profits of manufacturers are about 40 per cent. so often that they have actually built up a belief in many people's minds that this is an undoubted and incontestable fact. It never seems to occur to them that the millions of idle capital in the banks of our great cities, and the many hundreds of millions invested at 3 and 4 per cent. interest, afford a complete refutation of their wild allegation concerning the immense profits of manufacturing. They know nothing, practically, about industrial business, and when an assertion is made that a factory, or all the firms concerned in one line of manufacturing, are making no money, or are running their establishments at a loss, these wiseacres smile incredulously and ask, in tones of biting sarcasm, "Why don't they stop, then? Do you suppose any sensible man will run a great establishment when it is making no money, not to speak of running at a loss?"

Yet the plain fact is that hundreds have done so during the years of depression, and many are doing so to-day. If these ignorant disbelievers knew anything of practical business, they would see why this is done. It is a simple choice between two evils—to run the establishment without profit, or even at a loss, in order to avoid a greater loss. The proprietors have to decide, in any such case—and there are at this time many of them—which way they will lose the least money—to stop or to keep running. To stop for an indefinite time, with any kind of business, means the loss of experienced hands, who will go elsewhere to seek for work. It means the loss of a trade which it takes years to build up—for if the firm's customers have to go elsewhere to obtain that line of goods, they will not come back of themselves, and the laborious and patient work of building up a class of good, responsible paying customers will all have to be done over again. It means a depreciation, often a large one, of the machinery from standing idle—for rust eats faster than labor wears. The consequence is, that wherever it is possible, the manufacturer continues running his works, losing his thousands each year that he may not lose tens of thousands at one time.

To illustrate this, we give the following interview with a member of a large and wealthy manufacturing firm (we omit the line of business purposely), which shows the actual working of this principle. Any man familiar with the inside of the management of a large industrial establishment will testify to the truth of the picture:

One of the owners told me he did not believe their books would show a net profit of $1,000 during all of the past year. "Of course, that is no money at all," said he, "but if we were to shut down the mills, our actual loss could not be less than $100,000 by reason of depreciation, loss of trade, etc."

"And then," I said, "you have lost $8,000 or $10,000 less than you would if you had been standing still?"

"That's about it. You see we have to figure to see which way we will lose the least money, to shut down or to run, but it's very disheartening business. There is at times no satisfying the value of our investment were to be calculated on the earnings of the last two or three years, it would not represent more than one-fifth of its cost."

"How do you explain that?" I asked.

"It is this way. Say this property, the ground and all, cost $100,000, as it has. We have put that amount into the property and improvements since we had it. Now there was a time when we could make $25,000 to $30,000 a year not counting the amount invested in raw material, nor that represented by the finished goods waiting for a market, without much trouble, and figure a depreciation in our profits of at least 5 per cent. a year. According to this depreciation, and it certainly should never be figured at less than 5 per cent., the gross profits would have been from 15 to 20 per cent. in order to figure out 10 per cent. net, and it certainly is worth 10 per cent. or more in handling a manufacturing business. Now we have done nothing like that amount for the last two or three years, and consequently our property does not begin to represent what we have put into it.

"If you were to do much figuring on your last year's business, it would show less than nothing."

"If you mean as to the value of the property, yes. As a money making institution, during the last year our establishment has been worth nothing, and if it has any value it is based on the hope that it may do better in the future."

MANNING'S friends say that he will retire from the Cabinet on October 1, even if his health is fully restored. It is claimed that he has been much disappointed in the Treasury secretaryship. Instead of finding it a position affording a field for great executive work, it has proved to be for him simply a clerical position whose most important and trying exaction was the signing of his own name. A six months' trial of the irksome and annoying place convinced MANNING that his sphere of usefulness was circumscribed, and that CLEVELAND was determined to follow ANDREW JACKSON'S policy and reduce his Cabinet officers to the level of mere clerks. One of his most intimate friends tells the following:

He has had enough of the Treasury department, and is disgusted with treatment that an average employer seldom bestows upon a clerk. Mr. Manning went into the Cabinet against his own judgment. Mr. Cleveland would never have appointed him had not Mr. Tilden ordered him to do so, nor would Mr. Manning have accepted the position had it not been at Mr. Tilden's request. We have known from the first that Mr. Manning has no influence with Pres. Cleveland. In truth, Sec. Manning has been forced to explain to friends who had wanted favors done that he was tired asking the President to render some service to his party. Mr. Manning's policy from the first has been to reward party men, but every approach toward the President on that head has been met with coolness, discouragement and positive indifference. That the two men publicly have concealed the disagreements between them on public or party policy is due to their desire to maintain harmony in the party. Had Mr. Manning's advice been followed the Democratic party would be more strongly entrenched in the public offices, and incalculably strengthened and solidified.

AMONG all the blunders and malignant rulings of Pension Commissioner BLACK there is none so flagrantly unjust and so unqualifiedly wrong as his refusal to grant a pension to an old colored woman, the mother of ARNOLD SHAW, a negro soldier who was killed in battle. The ground on which BLACK bases his refusal is that the applicant was a slave at the time of her son's death. In the first place, there is no ground for such a ruling; the matter of the slavery or freedom of the woman has nothing to do with the right to a pension. Does BLACK take the old slaveholding ground that what accrues to a slave belongs to that slave's master? And would he, therefore, give the pension to the man who formerly owned the soldier's mother? But the cold fact is that she was not a slave, for ARNOLD SHAW was killed in August, 1863, and President LINCOLN'S Emancipation Proclamation went into effect on January 1, 1863. Does this contemptible toady who disgraces the Pension office presume to reverse LINCOLN'S immortal deed? This action of BLACK is the meanest of his long catalogue. He should receive an emphatic protest from every loyal man in the nation.

ONE statement bearing on the refusal of the Treasury to call in and pay the three per cents may possibly be found in the fact that both Sec. MANNING and Mr. JORDAN are large holders of these same three per cents.

AMERICAN STEAMSHIPS.

The Democratic journals are crying out at the decay of our merchant marine, while a Democratic administration is doing its level best to prevent American steamship lines from obtaining any government aid. The secretary of the navy in his address to the naval cadets at Annapolis, told them that before long they should "have ships as well as salaries," and expressed himself in favor of putting our merchant marine on such a footing that it can be readily used in the event of a foreign war, requiring its aid in a naval capacity; yet the Senate and House are unable to agree upon the matter of the governmental appropriation to assist in rehabilitating our merchant service. The last Congress appropriated $800,000 to pay for ocean mail service, but the Postmaster General refused to disburse it, and is now opposing, with the whole influence of his department and of the administration, the action of the present Senate in appropriating $400,000 for the same purpose; and by his appeal to Democrats to sustain the administration, succeeded in preventing the House of Representatives from concurring in the action of the Senate.

There is but one way in which we can have either a navy or a merchant marine, and that is by paying for it. There are men who have put their money into efforts to establish American steamship lines through patriotism—not through any desire to invest money in that direction, or with the expectation that it would pay a larger profit there than elsewhere, and who now have a very good chance of losing it, simply because they have to compete with the steamers of other countries whose governments do pay a fair price for ocean mail service, while ours refuses to recognize in the ocean postal service the same principle which liberally obtains on land.

Staunch, swift merchant vessels are the militia of the sea, nearly, if not quite, self-supporting in time of peace, and available at comparatively small expense in time of war. All other nations appreciate this, and pay such steamers liberal compensation for carrying the mails in time of peace, in order that they and the men who man them may be available in time of war. These fleets command the commerce of the world; they furnish an outlet for the factories of their respective countries, and build up their termini just as trunk railroads build up theirs; and yet a Democratic administration, which could gain more approval by giving the country a decent navy and a merchant marine than in any other way, pursues a halting, cheese-paring policy, which is a disgrace both to the party and the nation.

BIMETALLISM IN ENGLAND.

The cotton manufacturers of England are being impelled, by the necessities of their East Indian trade, to join the agitation commencing in Great Britain in favor of bimetallism. English cotton mills sell large quantities of their goods in India, for which they are paid in rupees—a silver coin. But in India there are cotton mills turning out the same kind of goods, and selling them also for rupees. Their competition would not be greatly be feared were it not for the fact that the present status of the silver question has destroyed fair competition in all rupee-using markets. The rupee in Eastern Asia has virtually maintained it value all the time that it has been depreciating in Europe. To the Bombay or Calcutta manufacturer it is worth to-day 2 shillings, the same as it was eight years ago, because its purchasing power is the same; but to the British manufacturer it is worth only 1s. 5d. or 1s. 6d., because he has to convert it into sovereigns at that ruinous rate of exchange, and pay all his debts in sovereigns.

That is, to turn these coins into their legal equivalents in United States money, for the better comprehension of our readers: The Indian rupee is worth 35.7 cents by the ruling of the Treasury department on January 1, 1886. The gold English sovereign or pound is worth on the same authority, $4.8665. Two shillings are therefore equal to 48.665 cents. The British manufacturer receives rupees for the sale of his goods in India at the rate of 48.665 cents per rupee, and changes his silver rupees into gold in England, receiving only 35.7 cents for each. It is simply impossible that the manufacturers can compete with their East India rivals in the same line and pay such a heavy rate of exchange. Hence they are earnestly working with the English "Bimetallic league" in the effort to have Great Britain adopt the double standard, in the hope that by concerted international action the value of silver will either be appreciated, or a new ratio be fixed which will enable them to again compete for the immense market among the teeming millions of Asia.

GEN. BEAVER was unanimously nominated by the Pennsylvania Republicans Wednesday as their candidate for governor upon a platform which every Republican in the Union can heartily indorse. It demands the repeal of the limitation of arrears of pensions bill, and that all soldiers and sailors entitled to pensions should share equally; denounces the disfranchisement of the colored vote by any means; approves the inter-state commerce bill; deprecates the infamous work of importing foreign pauper, criminal and convict labor, and demands the passage of a law prohibiting such importation; favors the protection of farm and dairy products; proclaims hostility to the Morrison bill because it advances free trade and permits raw material to be imported free, striking at the prosperity of the farm, mine, and workshop; recommends the passage of by Congress and state legislatures of proper arbitration laws between labor and capital; indicts the present Democratic administration for inconsistency, indifference, and inefficiency in its methods of promised reform; demands the retention of the protective system maintained for 25 years by the Republicans, and its extension to American commerce so that our own ships may be built here, thus providing for our defence and honor so that we may construct, when necessity requires, our own navy and man it with sailors trained for that purpose; and recommends the submission by the legislature to the people of an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

CLEVELAND'S veto record already goes ahead of that of any of his predecessors. The total number of Presidential vetoes from the foundation of the government to the close of the administration of Pres. ARTHUR was 109, and in that number but one pension bill was vetoed. The only bill which proposed to give a pension which has met a Presidential veto was a bill to pension LEWIS HINELY, which Pres. GRANT vetoed on February 12, 1875, and of this veto message there appears to be on the files of the Senate no official record. The number of bills vetoed by the different Presidents was as follows:

By Washington, 2; by Madison, 6, by Monroe, 1; by Jackson, 12; by Tyler, 9; by Polk, 3; by Pierce, 9; by Buchanan, 4; by Johnson, 17; by Grant, 29; by Hayes, 12; by Arthur, 4.

Mr. CLEVELAND has already sent in, up to June 24, a total of 73 vetoes, of which the majority are of pension bills. The remaining seven are of the following: The bill to reinstate Lieut. MCBLAIR in the army; the bill relating to the title to the Despoints river lands; the bill in the interests of science, which, it was claimed, would permit the desecration of graves in the District of Columbia; the bill to extend the immediate transportation act to Omaha; the bill making Springfield, Mass., a port of delivery; the bill making appropriations for public buildings at Zanesville, O., and at Sioux City, Ia.

THE NEED OF PATRIOTIC TEACHING.

From every part of the country come reports which show that the present week's Fourth of July has had a more general celebration than for many years past. This is as it should be. We want a revival of patriotism all over the country; and we need it especially for the generation of young men—aye, and young women, too—who are preparing to step upon the stage of active life, and into whose hands we of the present generation must soon, in the very nature of things, yield the direction of our country's progress and destiny. The recurring birthday of our independence is by all means a fitting occasion for training in the lessons of patriotism. How many of the boys and girls of your household, of your town or city, ever read the Declaration of Independence, or have any clear idea of the causes which led the thirteen colonies to take up arms to establish a new nation? Not one in ten—nay, not one in fifty. This should not be so. Let us have more teaching of patriotism. Make the boys and girls proud of the old flag, and inspire in their hearts that love of freedom which burned so brightly upon the altars of the Revolution.

And this is not all. There is a sad ignorance among the people, and especially among the young, of the fundamental principles upon which our government is based. No system like ours, in which the will of a majority of the people is the supreme law, can be enduring unless the masses of the voting population understand clearly its principles. These should be inculcated in youth. This is all the more necessary at the present time, as we are in an era of reaction after the civil war. There is at the present time a disposition on the part of the people of one section, at least, to establish the justice of the secession cause, or to speak of its downfall as the triumph of the stronger; they do not wish to admit that the whole doctrine of states' rights and secession was a hideous error. Yet it was; and had there been a clear understanding of the principle that the Union is an irrevocable compact, and that the loyalty of every citizen is due to the nation rather than to the state in which he was born or of which he is a citizen, there would not have been four years of bloody strife to establish it.

OUR SEWING MACHINE.

ONCE more we ask you to read the advertisement of the Blade sewing machine on fifth page. Every day we receive scores of testimonials from delighted ladies who have it in use. It is

TALMAGE'S SERMON ON THE 4TH.

A Holiday Discourse upon the "Voices of the Gardens and Fields"—Religion Introduced to Brighten Up Our Characters.

"THE HAMPTONS," July 4.—While the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., is absent from his pulpit in Brooklyn, and recreating in the country, he continues to preach, taking subjects suggested by summer scenes and surroundings, and his discourses constituting a course entitled "Voices of Gardens and Fields." Following is the first sermon in the series, preached to-day from the text, "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi." Song of Solomon, chapter i, verse 14:

Solomon's Song has been considered by many as fit only for moon-struck sentimentalists; written by a voluptuary, the story of a man crazed by a fair maiden; fit chamber for family prayers nor for church. Indeed we must admit that there were years in Solomon's life when he had several hundred more wives than he was entitled to; but he repented of his sin, and God chose him to write some of the best things about Christ that have ever been written. Besides that, I think the criticism of modern times upon the immodesty of the Bible comes with poor grace from a century in which the writings of George Sand come to their fortieth edition, and Christians cannot get to the prayer-meeting because they have tickets for places of amusement so depraved that they make the "Black Crook" respectable. I think, however, as far as I can see in my stupidity, that there are things turned out upon the community to-day that bid fair to do more damage than the Song of Solomon.

Hear, now, one of his fresh and fair descriptions of Jesus. If I had 20 years to preach I would like to employ ten of them in bringing out to observation those representations of Christ that have as yet been passed by. I do not know why the pulpit should hover over a few types of Christ when there are so many symbols of Jesus that have never been discoursed upon. Why should we employ all our time in examining a few lilies when the Bible is a great garden filled with fuchsias, and with daffodils, and with amaranths, and with evening primroses for the close of life's day, and crocuses at the snow bank of sorrow, and heartsease for the troubled, and passion flowers planted at the foot of a cross, and morning glories spreading out under the splendors of the breaking day? Some years ago I discoursed to you about "the white hairs of Jesus," and some of the newspapers supposed it was a mere fancy of my own—the poor fools not knowing that in Revelation, the first and the fourteenth, the Bible speaks of Christ, "his head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow"—symbolizing the eternity of Jesus.

Terraced on the side of the mountain were the vineyards of En-gedi. Oh, they were sweet places for a shelving of rock, the mountain, four hundred feet high, waters came down in beautiful baptism on the faces of the leaves; the grapes intoxicate with their own wine; pomegranates with juices bursting from the rind; all fruits and flowers and aromatic woods—among the sweetest of these the camphire plant of the text. Its flowers are in clusters of blue—graceful, fragrant, symbolical of Jesus; for "my beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of En-gedi."

I will carry out the idea of my text, and in the first place show you that this camphire plant of the text was a symbol of Christ, because of its fragrance. If I had a bunch of it here and it were in your midst it would fill all the house with frodolence. The camphire, as we have it, is offensive to some, but the camphire of the text had a fragrance gracious to all. The vineyards of En-gedi bathed in it—the branches, the buds, the blossoms, dripping with sweetness, typical of the sweetness of Christ.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

The name of Cæsar means power; the name of Herod means cruelty; the name of Alexander means conquest; the name of Demosthenes means eloquence; the name of Milton means poetry; the name of Benjamin West means painting; the name of Phidias means sculpture; the name of Beethoven means music; the name of Howard means reform; but the name of Christ means love. It is the sweetest name that ever melted from lip or heart. As you open a cold chest that has long been closed, the first thing that strikes you is the perfume of the herbs that were packed amid the clothing; so there are hundreds of hearts here which, if opened, would first offer to you the name of Jesus. Have you not seen him? Through the dark night of sin has he not flashed upon your vision? Beautiful when he comes to help, beautiful when he comes to save. A little child was crying very much during the time of an eclipse. It got so dark at noon that she was afraid and kept sobbing, and could not be silenced until after awhile the sun came out again, and she clapped her hands and said: "Oh, the sun! the sun!"

Some of us have been in the darkness of our sin; eclipse after eclipse has passed over our souls; but after awhile the Sun of Righteousness poured His beams upon our hearts and we cried, "The sun! the sun!" Beautiful dawn in the straw of the Bethlehem khan! Beautiful in his mother's shawl, as he fled to Egypt! Beautiful with his feet in the Galilean surf! Beautiful with the children hanging about his neck! Beautiful in the home circle of Bethany! Fairer than the sons of men; day-spring from on high; light for those who sit in darkness; rose of Sharon; lily of the valley —altogether lovely! O! he is such a sin-pardoner, such a trouble-soother, such a wound-binder, such a grave-breaker, that the faintest pronunciation of his name rouses up all the incense of the garden, and all the perfume of the tropics, while the soul, in ecstasy of affection, cries out: "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of En-gedi."

But how shall I talk of the sweetness of Christ's pardon to those who have never felt it; of the sweetness of His comfort to those who have refused his promise; of the sweetness of his face to those who have turned their back upon his love? Now, a great many people may think this is merely sickly sentimentalism. Jonathan Edwards was a cool man. He was harsh in some of his opinions; he was never afflicted with any sentimentalism; and yet when the name of Christ was mentioned it threw him into a transport. Paul was a cool logician, with nerves as shaken in the Mediterranean ship-wreck, a granitic nature, comfortable with the whole world against him, shaking his fist in the face of the government of earth and the forces of darkness; yet the thought of Christ thrilled him, transported him, overwhelmed him.

John Knox was unbending in his nature, and hard in some respects. The flash of his indignation made the Queen shiver and the Duchess quake; yet he sat down as a little child at the feet of Jesus. Solomon was surrounded with artificial splendor —his ships going out from Ezion-geber on voyages of three years, bringing back all the wonders of the world; his parks afloat with myrrh and frankincense, and a rustle with trees brought from foreign lands; the traces of his stupendous gardens found by the traveler at this day. Solomon sits down in this field of the camphire plant, the altogether lovely, and the altogether fair, and whilst seated, there comes a breath of the spices and aromatic woods, and of the blossoms, in through the palace window, and he cries out: "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of En-gedi."

Oh, rich and rare, exquisite and everlasting perfume! Let it in every poor man's windows; plant it on every grave; put its leaves under every dying head; wreath its blossoms for every garland; wave its branches in every home; and when I am about to die, and my hands are cold, and my feet stiff, and white upon the pillow, let some plain and humble soul come and put in my dying grasp this living branch with clusters "of camphire from the vineyards of En-gedi."

It is many years now since I found the Lord; and I must, in your presence tell you how good he has been to my soul. Often since then I have given him a hard thrust in his sore side; but he has been patient with me by day and by night. It is the grief of my life that I have treated him so badly; but he has never let me go. I have seen no wonderful sights, I have heard no wonderful sounds, I have had no glorious experience; it has been a plain story of patience on his part, and of unworthiness on my part. Some of my dear friends before me have had more rapturous experiences. Christ to them has been the conqueror on the white horse, or the Sun of Righteousness, setting everything ablaze with light, or the Bridegroom coming with lantern and torches. To me it has been a very quiet and undemonstrative experience. It has been something very sweet, but very still. How shall I describe it? I have it now: "My beloved is unto me like a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of En-gedi."

But I remark further: This camphire plant of the text was a symbol of Christ in that fact that it gives coloring. From the Mediterranean to the Ganges the people of the East gathered the leaves, pulverized them, and then used them as a dye for beautifying garments or their own persons. It was that fact that gave the camphire-plant of the text its commercial value in the time of King Solomon; a type of my Lord Jesus, who beautifies and adorns and colors everything he touches. I have no faith in that man's conversation whose religion does not color his entire life. It was intended so to do. If a man has the grace of God in his heart it ought to show itself in the life. There ought to be this "cluster of camphire" in the ledger, in the roll of government securities, in the medical prescription, in the law book. A religion is of no value to a merchant, unless it keeps him from putting false labels on his goods; or to the plasterer, unless it keeps him from putting up a ceiling which he knows will crack in six months; or to the driver, unless it keep him from lashing his horses to eight miles an hour when the thermometer is ninety; or to the farmer, unless it keeps him from putting the only sound pippins on the top of the barrel; or to the shoemaker, unless it keeps him from substituting brown paper for good leather in the soles. In other words, the religion of Christ is good for everything, or it is good for nothing.

The grace of God never affects us by piecemeal. If the heart is changed, the head is changed, and the liver is changed, and the hands are changed, and the feet are changed, and the store is changed, and the house is changed, and everything over which the man has any influence comes to a complete and radical change. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is not a pot of hyacinth to be set in a parlor bay-window for passers-by to look at, and to be examined only by ourselves when we have company, but it is to be a perfume, filling all the room of the hearts as "a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of En-gedi." The trouble is, men do not take their religion with them. The merchant leaves it outside the counter lest it disturb the goods. The housekeeper will not let her religion trail its robes in the kitchen on washing day. The philosopher will not let his religion come in amid the batteries, lest it get a galvanic shock. But I tell you, unless your religion goes with you everywhere, it goes nowhere. That religion was intended to color all the heart and the life.

But, mark you, it was a bright color. For the most part it was an orange dye made of this camphire-plant, one of the most brilliant of all the colors; and so the religion of Jesus Christ casts no blackness or gloom upon the soul. It brightens up life; it brightens up everything. There is no more religion in a funeral than there is in a wedding; no more religion in tears than in smiles. David was no better when he said he cried out in the depths of hell, than he was when he said that his mouth was filled with laughter, and his tongue with singing. The best men that I have ever known have laughed the loudest. Religion was intended to brighten up all our character. Take out the sprig of cypress from your coat and put in "a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of En-gedi." Religion's "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." I have found it so. There are hundreds in this house who have found it so.

I remark again that the camphire-plant of the text was a symbol of Jesus Christ, because it is a mighty restorative. You know that there is nothing that starts respiration so soon in one who has fainted as camphor, as we have it. Put upon a sponge or handkerchief, the effects are almost immediate. Well, this camphire-plant of the text, though somewhat different from that which we have, was a pungent aromatic, and in that respect it becomes a type of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the mightiest of all restoratives. I have carried this camphire-plant into the sick room, after the doctors had held their consultation and said there was no hope and nothing more could be done, and the soul brightened up under the spiritual restorative. There is no fever, no marasmus, no neuralgia, no consumption, no disease of the body that the grace of God will not help. I wish that over every bed of pain and through every hospital of distress we might swing this "cluster of camphire from the vineyards of En-gedi." Christ's hand is the softest pillow, Christ's pardon is the strongest stimulus, Christ's comfort is the mightiest anodyne, Christ's salvation is the grandest restorative. It makes a man mightier than his physical distress. "Art thou weary? Art thou languid? Art thou sore distressed? Come to me," saith one—"and coming, be at rest."

If I ask him to receive me, will he say me nay? Not till earth, and not till heaven pass away. Finding, following, keeping, struggling, is he sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, answer "Yes!"

Nero tarred and put pitch upon the Christians of his day, and then set them on fire, that they might illumine the night round about the palace; but while they were burning, and the crowd beneath were jeering, louder than all the noise went up the song of praise and triumph from the dying martyrs. John Branford came out in the presence of the instrument of torture that was to put him to death, and said: "I am a Christian now. I have never been before." And so, again and again, the lion of Judah's tribe has torn to pieces the wild beasts of martyrdom.

This grace is also a restorative for the backslider. "Whom do you mean by that?" you say. I mean you who used to frequent the house of God, but seldom get now; you who once used to pray, but never pray now; you who once sat at the holy communion, but take not the Lord's cup now; I mean you who once rejoiced in Christian society, but now sit amid scoffers. Backslider! Oh, what a suggestive word! Backslider! From what have you slid back? You have slid back from your father's faith, from your early good habits. You have been sliding back from Christ, from the cross—sliding back from heaven. When a man begins to slide he knows not where he will go. You have been sliding back toward an unblessed grave, toward a precipice, to find ten million miles of which downward are only a small part of the eternal plunge. You were, perhaps, professors in the country; you have made shipwreck in the town. It may be that the club blasted you; it may be that fashionable society destroyed you; it may be the kind of wife whom you have married. Oh, what a sliding! You have slid away from the sympathies of Christian suffering is run down it will never be wound up again. Amid the vineyards of the heavenly En-gedi, that will be restoration without any relapse. That will be day without any succeeding night. That will be "The Saint's Everlasting Rest!

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A BAD BOY'S DEED.

The Disappearance of Little Billy Fizzler —To Heaven by the Sky Rocket Route.

On the night of the Fourth of July, the time for fire alarms, and telephone calls for eye-doctors and surgeons, and requests for the police, when anarchy reigns and arnica pours, the dreadful report spread along the streets that little Billy Fizzler, sweet little Billy the cherub, was missing, and his nearest relations were distracted with fear for his safety. Many a larger report had been heard during the day, but the report of Billy Fizzler's disappearance caused strong men's cheeks to pale and listening ears to quiver. Billy had all the liveiong day been full of confused patriotism, which has oozed and spurted out of him in exhibitions of enthusiasm until he had made himself hoarse and lame, and had expended all his available assets in the little red paper cylinders made by Li Hung Chang and Wun Lung in the Celestial country across the seas. In short, with fire crackers and devil catchers, Billy had enjoyed himself immensely, to the terror of his grown-up relatives.

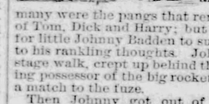
Along towards evening his doting grandfather, in a weak moment, bought for him a mammoth sky rocket, which was the biggest thing of its size that Billy had ever owned. The promising scion of the Fizzler family was happier in the possession of that rocket than a duke with his dukedom, if anybody knows what that means. Grand-pa Sniffens was Billy's grandfather on his mother's side, and he watched the youth trudging homeward under his big rocket with a degree of pride. He thought back only a few short years, when the boy was in his cradle, and he would with such pleasure rock it, and now the old man wiped away a suspicious-looking, glistening globule that was starting to trickle down his nose.

Poor Billy Fizzler. Young as he was he was not barred from the stings of envious tongues, the torments of wicked enemies or the depredations of covetous people. Billy was in great luck and his good fortune had rankled in the breasts of his less fortunate companions.

He was trudging homewards, oh, so gleefully, with his newly acquired treasure, which he was to so soon lay up in Heaven, held over his shoulder. Many were the envious looks he encountered on his triumphal march and many were the pangs that rent the hearts of Tom, Dick and Harry, but it remained for little Johnny Bardy to put his actions to his rankling thoughts. Johnny, with a stage walk, crept up behind the unsuspecting possessor of the big rocket and touched a match to the fuze.

Then Johnny got out of the way and waited for developments.

They came soon. Little Billy had come from a family noted for the ability to hang on to whatever it got its hands on, and he had a grip on the stick of his rocket that no ordinary inducements would cause him to loosen. The rocket went skyward, and



BILLY WENT ALONG,

the last seen of either being a streak of fire, smoke and sparks and the tips of the rising boy's gaiters. With a whizz and a whirr the little fellow went toward the Big Dipper, and his friends mourn him as lost.

HOW ROCKETS ARE MADE

For Patriotic Fourth of July Celebrants— The Mysteries of Roman Candles, Shells and Other Kinds of Dazzling Fireworks.

Toledo Daily Blade, July 6.

Of the thousands who were delighted with the magnificent display of fireworks last night, very few have even the remotest idea of the manner in which even the simplest forms of them are prepared. Yesterday afternoon after the procession, a BLADE reporter had an interesting chat with Mr. J. H. Dement, who now represents a large New York manufacturer, and who at one time was an assistant to Paine, the celebrated London pyrotechnist, Mr. Dement has spent his life, almost, in the manufacture and sale of fireworks, and has had many startling experiences. In reply to a question as to the risks to life and limb incurred in their manufacture, Mr. Dement said that it was an exceedingly ticklish business, requiring the greatest possible care.

"I may safely say," continued Mr. Dement, "that you carry your life in your hand, and must all the time have your mind on your business, for the least carelessness may lead may prove fatal. In the first place factories take every precaution to guard against explosions. They keep no more explosive material on hand than is absolutely essential for the day's work. Chlorates and nitrates are kept in sheds at respectful distances from sulphur. Each shed is carpeted with kamptulicon, and the fillers either work in their stocking feet or wear woolen slippers to prevent any jarring. Long lists of rules are posted in every room and they are observed with the greatest of care. It is a matter of mutual safety. Smoking or even carrying matches is strictly forbidden. All doors are kept unfastened except by a thin string or latch when the workmen are inside, and then there are lots of rules about the care of colored fire."

"Is it as necessary to be just as careful in the manufacture of sky-rockets?"

"You bet your life you have very careful, but you must be exact in all your doings. You see, a sky-rocket has three parts, the cap, shaft and stick. The latter is like the tail of a kite, but the cap and shaft fulfill exactly opposite conditions. The shaft case is strong and solid to hold the composition for certain time. There is where you have to pay great attention, and if carefully filled with the right mixture, the shaft should have a complete tail from the starting point until the stars are shown by the bursting of the cap."

"How is this cap bursted, so as to show the stars?"

"Why, the shaft having been rolled and dried, is filled with special composition like ordinary gunpowder, only it has more charcoal, and is in powder instead of grain. Eight parts of saltpeter, two of sulphur, 3½ of charcoal is a good rocket mixture. The charging of the rocket is a peculiar process. To secure the rapid evolution of gas, by which alone a high velocity can be attained, it is necessary to expose a large surface to combustion. To do this the socket shaft instead of being a cylinder full of composition is, by the insertion of a spindle during the operation of charging, provided with a hollow chamber which tapers upward from the bottom for about three-quarters of the entire length. The workman seated on a stool made of a section of a tree, perfectly certain that neither iron or marches are about, proceeds with the ticklish operation of charging. Scoopful by scoopful, the composition is filled in and rammed down into a firm mass with boxwood rammers or draft tools driven home by a mallet, the hollow chamber being preserved by the presence of the spindle. The top of the rocket is closed by a little powdered clay, with the exception of a small aperture, to allow the ignition of the contents of the cap. This is made of a much lighter material than the shaft, and is filled with bright and colored stars and a smothering composition to shield and burst the cone. These processes are conducted with great care, else the least mistake might result in failure."

"How high do rockets go?"

"It depends upon the quality of the rocket. Some of the best soar upwards one-third of a mile, and their amazing power of flight is secured by ramming in very tightly into the rocket case a composition which burns fiercely and generates gas very rapidly when once ignited, but which only has a small vent for its fury at the lower end of the case. The gas generated inside rushes out with such violence against the air outside that the rocket is driven upward. Then the ball of the comet consisting of the sparks of the fire burning inside."

"And how about these shells, that explode so beautifully, showering different colored lights and stars, and making every one exclaim 'Ah-h-h-h!'"

"Their manufacture is a long and tedious operation, and requires great care and skill. In the first place the workman has plenty of heavy brown paper, and a paste-pot of hemispherical form, into the bottom of which, like a cook lining a pudding-basin with undercrust, he pastes a layer on layer of paper, using only enough paste to secure adhesion. The shell having thus been made in two halves, is glued together, the joints firmly secured, and the paper sphere is almost as hard and heavy as if it were made of iron. An opening is made to admit the filling and fuse, and the shell is now thoroughly dried and is then ready for the charge."

"How great a charge is put in these shells?"

"A twelve-inch shell receives a tremendous charge, composed of sixteen pounds or 3,000 bright colored or magnesium stars and a due proportion of explosive filling. At one of the holes in an aperture is fixed the fuse so adjusted as to burn long enough to allow the shell to attain its maximum height and begin to descend before it communicates with the bursting charge and scatters its brilliant burden. To the opposite hole is attached a paper cone, or better still, a flannel bag containing a charge of gunpowder carefully proportioned to the fuse. To insure the ignition of the fuse and the powder at the same time, a line of quick match is conducted from the fuse, round the side of the shell, to the powder and continued in a long string which hangs outside the mortar. Fire is applied to the quick match, the fuse is lighted, the propelling charge of gunpowder ignited and the shell shot into the air with gorgeous effect."

"Roman candles are always pretty and effective—especially among the ladies. How are they made?"

"Very careful adjustment is needed in the making of Roman candles, as the great thing is to have the different colored balls turn out with exactly the same force so as to play in the same sphere. The fiery balls of color are little lumps of composition filled into the case, and separated from each other by a layer of dark fire, a little charge of gunpowder which blows them into the air, and if the charges were all alike, every ball would be thrown out a little further than its predecessor, because the deeper the case an explosion takes place the more violent it is, the resistance being greater. To obviate this the charge of powder is made to increase as the tube fills up, hence the largest charge is under the first ball. The workman who fills a Roman candle has before him a series of little scoops of different sizes for measuring the powder, and uses them in succession, the smallest being used for the first ball put in, and the largest for the mouth of the tube. The dark fire that I spoke of as going between is a composition which only smoulders, and does not burn down to the second ball until the first has pirouetted with grace through the air."

"About the gorgeous colors, how do you get them?"

"Chemistry comes to our aid. Arsenite of copper and sal ammoniac makes a beautiful blue; chlorate of baryta when fired produces a dazzling green; sal ammoniac, when combined with coloring substances, gives depth and intensity; chlorate of potash generates the gas which gives fireworks their velocity. Red is composed of strontia, the nitrate, sulphur and potash, and I tell you a chemist don't like to fool with it."

RAMBLER'S NOTEBOOK.

A Fourth of July in Zurich—How the Glorious Day Was Celebrated in Switzerland, and the Tragic Ending of One of the Participants in the Day's Pleasures.

For days and weeks in the summer of 1882, the little American colony in the city of Zurich, Switzerland, beautiful, picturesque Zurich, had been talking of the glorious Independence day and the most fitting way of properly celebrating it.

A number of meetings of university students, temporary residents, and native Swiss who had returned to Zurich after a more or less protracted stay in the United States, were held to discuss the matter, and finally plans were perfected for an old-fashioned picnic, with games and speeches in the afternoon and fireworks in the evening. A more lovely site for the proposed celebration could not have been selected. It was on the right bank of the lake, about two miles from the quay, with the Utliberg for a foreground, and the snow-capped mountain at the other end of the bright, blue lake forming a striking and effective background.

While I was deeply interested in all the arrangements for the proper observance of the great day, made all the dearer to us this year on account of temporary exile from the land for which the mystic words "The Fourth," mean so much, I took no active part, because my good friend Werner had planned another celebration of his own, and long before I had promised to assist.

John Werner was the most enthusiastic American I ever saw. Born and brought up in Germany, he conceived at an early age a most intense dislike for anything wearing the semblance of royalty. While yet a young man his advanced ideas, his abhorence of aristocracy and his inborn love for freedom, led him to cast his fortunes with the people of that Republic beyond the seas, which granted him every thing that his own army-bound government denied.

He came to America and settled in Toledo where for years he was a leading spirit among the advanced thinkers of that day. Toledo then was but a little village, but it had its middle hosts of live, energetic, pushing men of brain, among whom John Werner occupied no subordinate position.

At the close of the war he returned to Europe, and after traveling for some years, he settled in Zurich, where his children had the advantages of one of the best educational institutions in Europe. During his long sojourn in America his Republicanism had become more intense and his deep-seated hatred for hereditary rulers more pronounced and bitter. The memory of his old time Fourth of July celebrations in Toledo remained with him, and each year he made it a point to celebrate in the older republic the anniversary of the younger one's birthday.

As the old-time reporters have it, "the glorious Fourth of July, 1882, dawned clear and bright," and we were assured a delightful day. Mr. Werner's residence, in the Enge, just where the shadows of the Utli-berg temper the heat of the afternoon sun, was decorated with bunting and flags and his spacious grounds, with vine clad arbors and cool grottoes, were hung with garlands of flowers, and festoons of Chinese lanterns.

It was a jolly party that sat down to the light repast, served under the trees. Besides Mr. Werner and his family, all as intensely patriotic as the host of the house, were a few Swiss friends, and three or four University students, all Americans but one, a relative of Mr. Werner's. It were useless to attempt a description of that afternoon, of all the good things said and done. Mr. Werner read an original poem, full of beautiful imagery and poetically expressed sentiments, in which the great Republic across the seas, to which all the nations of the world turned jealous eyes, was toasted and complimented as only a poetical German can toast and compliment. As he closed he raised high in air a brimming glass of rare Rhine wine and, standing, drank the good health of the United States, and as our empty glasses touched the table Mr. Werner swung off into the "Star Spangled Banner," and we all joined in with a fervor that showed no distance could lessen our love for the land of the stars and stripes.

There were speeches and toasts in German and English, and patriotic songs in English and German, and we were together as enthusiastic a party of celebrants as could be found anywhere. When the sun had gone down behind the Utli-berg, we had fireworks and more speeches and singing, closing the evening by forming a circle, joining hands and singing "My country, 'tis of thee," and few dry eyes were there in that little band of patriots as the glorious words of the grand old melody rose and fell on the soft evening air of that rock-ribbed Switzerland, united in principle at least to the last of country of which we sang with all our hearts.

As the party dispersed and we young fellows started for our homes in Zurich, one of the students proposed that, as it was yet early, we go over to the other celebration and help them close their glorious day. Of course that proposition was accepted without a dissenting voice, and we were soon gliding along the quiet waters of the lake, over which came now and then the faint refrain of some distant boating party singing as they rowed. It was a most beautiful night, clear and silent, the bright stars overhead reflecting their merry twinklings in the dancing ripples of the water below. Far away in the distance could just be discerned the weird outlines of the rugged mountains, from whose summits the snow never melts, while behind us the myriads of lights in the city horseshoeing around the head of the lake made a double semicircle, interrupted only by the mass of light that flooded the water over by the Tonhalle, where a grand concert was being given.

We were warmly welcomed by our student friends, and passed a merry hour in song and jest, after which the student portion of the assemblage went back to the city to the rooms of the society to which three of the party belonged. Here the students donned their society caps, little three-cornered affairs with the tri-colored ribbon designating the society, produced their long stemmed pipes and then settled down at the long table with a foaming liter of beer.

We were a jolly crowd, and quip and jest went round faster and faster, unlinterrupted save by the click of the leaden cover to the stone mugs, which were never allowed to be without the luscious lager.

At the lower end of the table, then there was a sudden outcry in German and English, and before a word could be spoken there was a resounding smack, and our German student friend, who had been with us at Werner's, went sprawling on the floor, while his near neighbors seized an American student, a young fellow of good family in New York city, and hastily led him out of the room.

In an instant all was confusion. The two had become heated in their discussion of German and American forms of government, the student had called the New Yorker a liar and paid the penalty by being knocked down. That was, of course, to the fiery young student, whose society code was his religion, an insult that could only be wiped out in blood. The seconds were chosen there and then, and all the preliminaries arranged for the duel on the following morning.

Just as the sun was tinging the century-old glaciers with a rosy hue, a party of six met on a little plateau on the side of the Utli-berg. There were the two principals, two seconds, a surgeon and myself.

Quickly, and without confusion, the details were arranged, and, stripped to the waist, the young men faced each other and waited for the word, their long slender rapiers glistening in the early sun-light. It was a moment never to be forgotten. A flood of thoughts—of the possibilities of the future—rushed through my mind, only to be dissipated by the single word *loss*, the signal at which the rash youths begin their deadly duel. It lasted but a moment. There was a thrust, a parry, a sudden gleam of steel, and then the young German drew himself up to his full height and dropped forward heavily upon his face—dead. ROBINSON LOCKE.

TWO TRUE TALES.

A Broken-Hearted Toledo Dog, and a Canine Dead-Head.

Toledo Daily Blade, July 1:

A railroad superintendent in this city owns a little dog, whose only name is not a name, but simply an initial—Q—the letter preceding R. The superintendent's residence is on Twenty-first street, near Adams. The superintendent and the members of his family ride back and forth on the street cars, and on some of these trips "Q" went along. After a number of such journeys, "Q" was able to go it alone, and now almost every day he takes a notion to go from home to his master's office. He never walks or trots, but always boards a car and rides, the same as though he were human passenger with a nickel in his pocket. Some day the street car company will send in a big bill for passenger fares that "Q" neglected to pay.

A leading attorney of Toledo has a shaggy-haired dog which is a family pet. A few days ago the owner of the canine caused the pet to be sheared by an expert in such a manner as to change its appearance from that of a poodle to a king of beasts, a lion with a long mane and a tufted tail. The animal was no longer a dog but a rampant lion, standing on his hind legs. Every body liked the change except the creature most interested, and he was inconsolable over the loss of so great a portion of his hairy coat. He is a heartbroken, humiliated dog, and in every way possible he shows his sense of the change, until his dejection has spread a shadow over the family, which would gladly restore him to his original condition were it possible.

A Worried Boy.

It is a good doctor of divinity in Boston town. He has three charming children Mary and George and Martha, the little girls being named for living relatives and not after the sisters of Bethany. But one day, the father heard a childish "spat" going on among the children, and Mary filled her brother's soul with consternation. "Ah ha, Mr. George," she exclaimed, triumphantly; "father's goin' to change your name? He's goin' to call you Lazarus!" And the poor boy was so worried over the terrible possibility that he couldn't eat his dinner.

Publishers' Column.

TO ALL WHO GROW FRUITS.

For the accommodation of our patrons, hundreds of whom have asked for it, we have purchased a small edition of the most valuable book ever published for those who have fruit either in large or small quantities, Mrs. S. D. Power's "Fruit Pastes, Syrups and Preserves."

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The BLADE has just published four elegant new lithograph portraits of John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin. Believing that portraits of these eminent divines would be appreciated by the readers of the BLADE, we have had engravings made at a great expense, reproducing four excellent old portraits, said to be the best extant. We print these portraits on heavy plate paper, size 10x24, uniform with those of the three great Generals recently published by us. We believe our portraits of the two Wesleys, Luther and Calvin, are now the only ones on sale in this country, and every Christian family in the land should own a set of them. We have made them fine enough to grace the most elegant mansion, and they will certainly do honor to anybody's home. Believing that we shall have demand for several hundred thousand copies, as in case of the three great generals, we shall make the price within reach of all. We mail them securely packed in strong pasteboard tube, postage prepaid, at 25 cents single copy, or the whole set four portraits for 65 cents.

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Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.' I did so and it cleared my blood and rid me of my troubles."
JOSEPH CONGDON, Binghamton, N. Y.

It was in the army that I became for the first time acquainted with the practical meaning of the word malaria. Chills, fever, heat, cold, and mental depression, want of ambition. After leaving the army I suffered from attacks of this general character about half a dozen times a year. I dosed and took quinine until my head swam, but it did not help me. By good luck I gave

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

a chance to show what it could do for me, and it presently cured me completely. Since using the first bottle I haven't a vestige of the old trouble.
C. C. REDMEN, Editor Schoharie (N. Y.) Union.

That all forms of malarial poison are entirely and radically cured is the experience of hundreds who have treated it with Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Quinine affords temporary relief, but does not cure; and, besides, it induces troubles, quite as serious as those it is intended to abate. All who first enter the tropics, which are essentially malarious, will find this medicine a protection while becoming acclimated.

PREPARED BY
Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists. $1 a Bottle. 6 for $5.

TO ART STUDENTS

AND

THOSE DESIRING TO STUDY ART

THE TOLEDO

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

New Blade Building, Toledo, O.

A College for the education of pupils, male and female, in the various branches of drawing and oil and water-color painting, will commence its first session in the city of Toledo September 1, 1886, under the charge of

EDMUND H. OSTHAUS, PRINCIPAL,

AND

Amy R. Kilpatrick, First Assistant Teacher.

Edmund Henry Osthaus was born in the Province of Hanover, in the Kingdom of Prussia, August 5, 1858, and in May, 1881, arrived for the first time in the United States. While in his minority he received a thorough education, not only in his native German tongue and in the classics, but in the English and French languages. Taking drawings and inclining to the fine arts when still a small boy, he entered upon the full course of study at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Dusseldorf, when 17 years of age, from which he graduated with honors in 1881. During his seven years' course at this academy he became, from his great natural talents, singularly proficient in every branch of the fine arts, as now his examples fully attest, which has thoroughly qualified him for the position of principal in the most rigid Academy of Fine Arts.

There is no location in the United States so well adapted to the establishment of an Academy of Fine Arts as Toledo, O. The climate is singularly healthy, her citizens are devoted to art, there being many fine collections in private houses, and the Academy itself is possessed of the Vincennes collection, formerly in Chicago. The city is at the head of Lake Erie, which furnishes unequaled facilities for sketching from nature. No city in the country has better society, and the cost of living is very low. Pupils can live better and at a less price in Toledo than in any point in the United States.

Especially is this institute favorably situated for young lady pupils. Board can be procured at low rates in private families, where young ladies can live with the same security as at their homes, and enjoy introductions into the best society—an advantage that cannot be too highly estimated.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

will be thorough, and will embrace everything calculated to develop and make of use the natural talent the pupil may possess. Prof. Osthaus, the principal, and Miss Kilpatrick, the assistant, were both educated in the severest schools of art, and the same rigid training they received will be practiced in this school. It is intended to make it the best, the most thorough and practical School of Art upon the continent.

CATALOGUES,

Giving full information of

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

RESISTANCE OR ENDURANCE.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

I have been asked the following questions in regard to the woman whose daily life was depicted in the little story told in the "Home Talk" of last week:

"When she found that her husband was following up a mere fancy and that there was hardly the shadow of a chance that he would ever succeed in his ambitious hopes, was it her duty to stay by him in that lonely, desolate place, giving up every chance of bettering her life, or of leading a larger and more satisfactory one in the world?"

"Did it not rather denote a lack of character on her part to tamely yield to his will in a thing which was of such vital importance to both, when by so doing, two lives were rendered utterly useless to humanity?"

I find it very difficult to answer these questions satisfactorily. So many things must enter into the judgment in order to make anything like a fair estimate of the right and wrong involved in her course of conduct, and it is so hard to know how far the heart should be allowed to rule the head, that I hesitate to condemn harshly, or to approve unqualifiedly. That this woman herself had become uplifted near to the angels by her course of self-abnegation, her whole appearance denoted. She believed that she had done right in thus leaving the whole world and cleaving only to her husband. Custom, habits of thought, and probably early teachings had led her to regard subservience to her husband as a duty, and this idea, united to her love for him, and her conviction that he needed her, prompted her to trample under foot every aspiration, every longing for something different. So long as she, too, trusted in the success of his labors in the near future, her lot was not so hard to endure, but when that faded out, and she knew change was hopeless, she became a martyr, as heroic as any who were ever burned at the stake. The light that shone upon her way, when I saw her, was of Heaven, not of earth, and it came to her solely through the crucifixion of her own desires. The influence of such a woman upon the man who loved her could not be otherwise than beneficial, and must have helped him to good and pure thoughts, even through his devotion to gold hunting.

It was a dangerous experiment, however, so far as they themselves were concerned. Lives run in such narrow grooves are apt to become narrow and selfish ones, because there is so little to call for thought outside of self. In nine cases out of ten, disappointed hopes and ambitions would sour the disposition, and bring a discontent that would eat out all the original good in the nature. Finding that likely to be the case, and I believe there could be no mistaking the woman's duty. It would be to resist demoralization by taking the steps necessary to produce a new order of things, even in the face of her husband's wishes.

I cannot say that I think this woman's patient endurance denoted "lack of character." It is possible that she had a mistaken sense of duty, that had she possessed the true conception of what life meant to her individually, she would not have thought it right to bury her powers in the wilderness, where humanity could not be benefited by their use, simply at the will of her husband, but to her, as I said before, everything was comprehended in the idea of obedience to his will, and while we may resist with all the force of our natures this entire giving up of a wife's individuality, we may admire the stern adherence to what she believed was God-ordered. It might, and would, be more in consonance with our idea of the way to live, had she exerted the will power necessary to bring herself into such a state of submission to what she thought inevitable, in urging, with an energy that would carry strength and influence, upon her husband the necessity of a return to the world, to take part in rolling the wheel of progress forward. Individually, I believe in the principle of resistance—not rebellion—rather than in patient endurance, but I can admire the latter when it is believed to be duty, and the spirit is held controlled until serenity is obtained. Understand me, that by resistance, I do not mean a continual discontent that employs itself in fault-finding and above it efforts which lack firmness of principle from the beginning, but that which is pointed by a wise judgment of means to an end which is a stride forward in the right way. The danger to women often lies in an apathetic endurance of a distasteful way of living, which demoralizes, because they lack the courage to go out of the path in which their feet are wearily treading. A letter which has just reached me touching upon the subject has such a true ring in its words that I am going to let it say for me some things, many of which I have said before, but which need frequent repetition to carry conviction:

How many women there are who think there is no escape for them from the uncongenial work in which they are engaged; that duty, necessity or circumstances, keeps them in the beaten track that has grown so distasteful.

I do not know how these women who write to the HOUSEHOLD are situated, but I am acquainted with women who have told me the same, that there was no help for them. If they had only realized it, they might have been to be; if they had only realized in girlhood what womanhood would bring, they might have prepared themselves for some congenial occupation; but it was too late; duty, necessity, etc., hampered them now, or they were too old to begin new studies or seek new employment.

There may be some who are thus shackled, but I know that a majority of those with whom I have associated, or whom I have not a few, could improve their condition if they had the will, the force of character to diligently set themselves about it regardless of favor, discouragements, and the opinion of neighbors and friends. Now I know what many will say to this, "with my large family to do for, I have not a moment's time for anything else; I am almost worn out already." Yes, and when poor health or strength is added to the burden of sickness, your family is obliged to do without your labor; and they could just as well do without a portion of it while you have health and strength, as to be entirely deprived of it when you are helpless and suffering.

But most women are obliged to assert their own individuality; as long as they toil and slave without demur, so long they may.

I have seen women worn out after year till mind and body were wrecked, who only waited patiently for death to relieve them, when they might have been healthy, happy, useful women if they had insisted on the rights claimed in the Declaration of Independence; "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Many of their ideas in regard to duty I consider wrong. Where is the woman who can consider it the duty of any woman to destroy both mind and body for the gratification of others, to satisfy their whims and caprices; nor yield to their ideas of duty when such yielding is to crush out life, and hope, and enjoyment for herself.

I have seen Christian women struggling under burdens imposed, enduring patiently slavery, insults and pain, because they thought it wrong to strive against what they considered the will of God.

God gave women strong, healthy bodies, not to wear out in useless slavery at the will of others. He gave them minds capable of improvement, not to rust out or become dwarfed through inactivity; and I believe it a sin for woman to permit her body to be food for avariciousness and lust, or her mind to become stunted and dwarfed until she can hardly be called an intelligent being. She is not respected for it even by those she serves, nor is she loved so much as the woman who earns the reputation of having a mind of her own.

One great drawback is, women have persuaded themselves or custom has instilled the idea into their minds that they are helpless; that no one owes them, there is no emancipation for them. So long as they foster this idea there is no help; but if they would make up their minds to become free they would find some way of securing freedom.

Oh woman! where is that will we hear so much about that has given rise to the saying, "When a woman will, she will, you know, and there's an end on't."

It will often cost a fierce struggle, tears, sacrifices, perhaps bitter words and thoughts from loved ones; but when the victory is once won there is reward; and those that sneered and offered stumbling blocks in the way will respect you all the more for your perseverance.

Choose some particular object you wish to attain, direct all your energies to the accomplishment of that object; start out with the determination to succeed; stick to it and success is sure to follow. It makes no difference if it is not considered woman's work, if a woman never did such work before, if it is something you can can do well and most conveniently, do not let your sex stand in the way.

Don't say, "Well, I'll try, but I don't believe there is any use." You might as well not try as to begin with that state of mind; for if you do not believe there is any use there is none; if you do not start out with the intention of succeeding you will never succeed.

I can not point out any particular employment or profession. People are differently situated, and possess different talents and capabilities; but surely in this wide world—in this country where a woman can choose what she will, there must be something in store for every energetic, persevering woman who is willing to work for what she hopes to win.

I was talking with a woman not long ago, and she said, "If I only had the education to teach I could do well; but I haven't and I am too old to begin to study now."

She was about 38 years of age, intelligent, able to converse and spell well—better than the average; had a fair knowledge of arithmetic; she could have devoted from two to five hours daily to study. "Why," I said, "with the start you have, in a year or two, at most, you could be able to teach a primary school." But she thought not. She had the cares of a household on her mind, and I suppose she will go through life a drudge, for uncongenial work is drudgery when its years would fit her for a more pleasant occupation; and surely two years is well spent if it prepares one for ten, fifteen, or even five years of usefulness or comfort.

I know it is hard to fix an untrained mind on any study, but by forcing it on that study a few minutes at a time, an hour, a day, an interest will be acquired, and that is the time the mind is exercised by this direction the more ideas it can grasp and retain.

Then women are usually not content with humble beginnings; they want to go to the top of the ladder at once, and if they fail to do this they are discouraged and give up. Very few, like Lord Byron, awake in the morning and find themselves famous, but are obliged to work their way to the place they wish to occupy. Some think that because their fondest hopes have been blasted, their lives have been stripped of everything woman holds dear and sacred, that it makes but little difference how the remaining years are spent; there is no happiness for them.

It is true many can not look forward to happy lives, but all can live useful lives, and a busy, useful life has its pleasures, and many have found true happiness through following the every day of sunshine had been blotted out forever.

I have no patience with the woman who "states her needs to her husband, insists upon her rights, uses arguments, stratagem and the little coaxing and wheedling that is said to their fate, rest their minds and bodies," and not make another effort. The "stratagem" and "little arts" are all right for those not too independent to practice them. They have already earned. But rest the mind and body while the miserable writer has a mind capable of action, a body possessed of ordinary strength, both shall be used to the fullest extent of their usefulness, without regard to circumstances, with circumstances and others, as far as lies in my power; for whatever our circumstances we never get beyond improvement mentally if we need no more financially. The object in presenting woman's needs is to help them in their condition, lighten their burdens; not to degrade them and add to their cares.

To those girls contemplating a course of study and knowing before me I would say: Do not go through a desultory course, but take those branches that will be of use to you in everyday life, and learn them well; not a little of this and that and nothing perfectly.

Get a good common school education first, then take up some study, practice or profession that will be of use to you, married or single. Don't choose anything it will be impossible for you to follow on account of sickness. Perfect yourself in that. Accomplishments are very well, but they will not earn bread and butter, nor satisfy a desire for usefulness.

Do not be afraid to ask advice or information of any one capable of giving it; no one will think the less of you and you may receive much help.

As usual my article gets too long before I am aware of it. If I only possessed some power by which I could inspire courage in the hearts of weary, struggling despairing women. I know full well their trials and suffering, and I grieve that I cannot extend a helping hand, in place of a few feeble, well-meaning sentences. But I am working hard to do more; working with a determination to succeed. PRACTICAL.

Gladwin, Mich.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Perfumery Sachet.—Take two pieces of white satin 7 ins. square. Upon one corner of each embroider or paint a little spray of flowers, placing it so that it will look well with the point turned downward. Line with light pink, and trim the corners diagonally opposite the embroidery down. Put cotton sprinkled with sachet powder in and tie with ribbon passed under the turned down corners, drawing the bag up, and leaving the ribbons long enough to hang the bag by. Trim the turned down corners with narrow lace.

Sofa Sachet Bag.—These are much larger in size than the one described above. Get a piece of plain pink or figured China silk 1¾ yds. long and 16 inches wide. Silesia same size for lining. Lay cotton batting upon lining and sprinkle plentifully with sachet powder. Sew together, turn, tie with large bow about two inches from top, and have long loops to hang it by. The edge trimmed with lace is very pretty. Another nice way which has been mentioned before in these columns, is to make the bag twice as long as wide, then pass it through rings to which is attached ribbons to hang it by.—ED.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" will tell you how to make many of these pretty things. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; o, bind; o n, bring up; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—ch, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., cluster stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Pointed Wheel Lace—Cast on 25 stitches. The first eight stiches are used as beginning and ending stitches, to be knitted thus: B edge k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n; E edge—k 1—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1. 1st row—B edge—k 11—o—n—o—n—o—n; 2nd row—o—k 6—k 1—k 10—2; 3rd row—B edge—k 3—n—o 2—n—k 4—o—n—k 1—o—n—o—n; 4th row—o—k 7—p 1—k 5—p 1—k 4—E edge; 5th row—B edge—k 1—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n; 6th row—o—k 8—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 2—E edge; 7th row—B edge—k 3—n—o 2—n—k 5—o—n—o—n; 8th row—o—k 9—p 1—k 5—p 1—k 4—E edge; 9th row—B edge—k 1—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—k 2—o—n—k 4—o—n—c—n; 10th row—o—k 10—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 2—E edge; 11th row—B edge—k 3—n—o 2—n—k 4—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n; 12th row—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—k 5—p 1—k 4—E edge; 13th row—B edge—k 1—n—o 2—n—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n; 14th row—cast off 6—k 5—p 1—k 10—E edge. Commence at first row. MRS. ROSIE STETTLER, Oregon, Ogle county, Illinois.

I will send silk worm eggs to all members of the HOUSEHOLD sending stamp for return postage.

Pineapple Insertion—1st row—Make a chain of 32 st, turn, make d c into each st of chain, commencing with 4th st from the needle thus making a d c in 28 st, turn; 2d row—c h 4, d c in next 2 st, ch 2, d c in 3d st from needle, d c in next 7 st, ch 2, d c in 3d st from needle, d c in next 7 st, ch 2, d c in 3d st from needle, d c in last 2 st, turn; 3d row—ch 4, d c in 1st st of 2d row, d c 3 times in chain 2 of preceding row, ch 2, d c again 3 times in same loop (which forms a shell) ch 6, make a shell in next loop, ch 6, shell in next loop, d c 2 times, the 1st st in 2d st from shell, turn; 4th row—ch 4, d c 1, ch 1, shell in shell, ch 3, d c 3 times with 1 ch between each d c in the middle shell, ch 4, shell in shell, ch 1, d c 2, turn; 5th row—ch 4, d c 1, ch 1, shell in shell, ch 4, s c in 1st loop of 8 d c, ch 4, s c in next loop, and so on till the last loop, ch 4, shell in shell, ch 1, d c 2, turn; 6th row—ch 4, d c 2, the 2d st in ch 1 of preceding row, ch 1, shell, chain 4 go across loops of 4 before, ch 4, shell, chain 1, d c 3, turn; 7th row—ch 4, d c 8, ch 1, shell, ch 4, go across loops, chain 4, shell, ch 1, d c 4, turn; 8th row—ch 4, d c 3, ch 1, shell, ch 4, go across loops, ch 4, shell, ch 1, d c 4, turn; 9th row—ch 4, d c 5, the 4th and 5th stitches being in one chain of preceding row, ch 1, shell, chain 4, go across loops ch 4 shell ch 1, d c 6, the 1st and 2d on 1 chain of preceding row, turn; 10th row—ch 4, d c 7, ch 1, shell, ch 4, go across loop, chain 4, shell, ch 1, d c 8, turn; 11th row—ch 4, d c 9, ch 1, shell, chain 4, s c in loop, ch 4, shell, ch 1, d c 10, turn; 12th row—ch 4, d c 11, ch 1, shell, chain 4, s c in 4 c of preceding row, ch 4, make only half of the next shell, then fasten to the last shell made, make the other half of shell, ch 1, d c 12, turn; 13th row—ch 4, d c 11, d c 2 in first 2 sts of first shell, d c 2 in last 2 sts of next shell, then d c 12 and begin again with 2d row.—MRS. S. BURNS, Eldon, Iowa.

Correspondence.

TO FLOWER LOVERS.—My dear flower-loving friends, I wonder if you can imagine the deluge of letters that have overrun me my unfortunate self. I say unfortunate, for when I offered to give away that pint of pink seeds, I did not suppose I would also be expected to pay postage on them, but it seems I was by some, for many wrote on postal cards and others failed to enclose a stamp. Others, however, were very generous and sent more than one stamp and to those I sent extra seeds. When the letters and postals first began to come I sent seeds to all, but after expending several dollars on envelopes and stamps I found I could only send seeds to those who were willing to pay return postage, so this will explain why some who wrote me received no seed, for while I was and am willing to give the pink seed and take the trouble of sending it away, I cannot afford the additional expense of postage. We do not grow seed by the quart or pound, but we always have quite a half an acre into flowers every summer, and as some sorts produce more seeds than others, and in gathering them from such a large variety as we have, we are sure to get more seeds of some sorts than we can make use of. We would we willing to divide with others providing it did not cost too much, but my experience with the pink seed almost discourages me from ever offering to give anything away again.

And now about my pansies. Frankie says to tell you all that they are grand, and can almost talk, they look so wise. April 1 found our pansy bed covered with snow, but in just two weeks from that time it was covered with sweet pansy faces. We always have so many pansies, and they are so large and of so many colors that it is no uncommon occurrence for strangers, as well as acquaintances, to call at "hilltop" to see the beds. They are such lovely plants and grow so very easily from seed, that no one need be without them. All they require is a good, rich soil, plenty of water during a dry time, and protection from the hot sun during the middle of summer. On the north side of a fence, or building, is a good place for pansies during the summer, and they will bloom anywhere during the spring and fall months.

Pansies may be sown anytime from April until October, and as the plants begin to bloom within six weeks after the sowing of the seed and continue until the ground freezes in the first of winter, there is no need to be without them, because the seed can not be sown very early in spring, for seed sown even in September will produce plants that will live through the winter and produce flowers early the next spring and during the whole season. Our pansy plants seldom live through more than one winter, and as young plants always bloom much better and produce larger flowers, we make it a rule to sow a new lot of seed every year, and as soon as the old plants are through blooming, we pull up and root, and set in young plants, so we have pansy flowers from very early in spring until the snow covers them the first of winter.

We take great pride in our pansies. We love them so, and we have every known color, from pure white to jet black; light azure blue to deepest blue, and several shades of yellow and purple, while some are striped and marbled and edged and most beautifully marked. Then there are the red and bronze and fawn colored pansies, making in all a whole flower garden of themselves, while the flowers are often as large as a silver dollar. Do you wonder that we love them now?—FRANCES B., West Branch, Ogemaw county, Mich.

WHAT ONE ANSWER BROUGHT.—If any doubt the HOUSEHOLD being generally read let them write an article on any and a number of responses it will bring forth will remove all doubts from their mind at once. Even my few lines in answer to an inquiry how to make an orange tree bloom has brought me letters of inquiry from all points and on all subjects.

To those who ask if "Meg Merrilies" is the "Meg Merrilies" who wrote for the HOUSEHOLD a number of years ago, we reply, "the same," the slight change of name was an error of the types.

To those who wrote asking if I have orange trees for sale, I answer, "I have not."

My letter was intended simply as an answer to the lady's inquiry, and not to obtain a free advertisement. We have no plants or trees for sale, are not land agents, or speculators in any sense of the word.

About two years ago a brief note of a dozen lines brought 100 letters of inquiry in a few months, and perhaps 200 since. As they still refer to that article, evidently some readers preserve the BLADE. While most letters contained a stamp—a few, several—many wrote upon postals. All received were answered except a few of the latter. All to whom we have written are welcome to our letters, but the tax upon our time and strength has been too great to permit of doing so longer. Not being in anyways benefited by it myself and time being money (or should be) with me, I cannot hereafter answer letters of inquiry unless something more than a stamp is enclosed. For the benefit of others as well as myself I say, if the information you seek is worth nothing to you, don't ask a stranger to spend 25 or 50 cents worth of time,—and furnish stationery,—to answer your postal. I do not *solicit* correspondence but if any desire information concerning our locality enough to enclose reasonable remuneration for time I will answer to best of my ability, but no more postals, please.

A correspondent asks that we write why we prefer California to Florida. The points of advantage are many and varied, but fearing deception in Florida readers I hesitate to give them in HOUSEHOLD.

To all who do not preserve the BLADE intact I suggest they cut out the HOUSEHOLD page, which may be filed in various ways or simply laid away for future reference.—MEG MERRILES, box 483, Riverside, Cal.

ANSWER TO "OBLIVION."

Dedicated to Faith, Hope and Love.
Mat. 9-12.

Come unto me, your Savior cries,
I am the great Physician,
I left my home beyond the skies
To grant you that condition;
I died, dear friend, to set you free;
Dead to the law when dead with me.
Romans, 7-4.

Now Duty calls fulfill the law,
And Justice says the same,
And when they find one little flaw,
They ever, ever blame,
Bound to the law, the Law demands
Complete obedience at thy hands.
Romans, 8-35.

Thee, from thy burdened state to save,
I died upon the Tree;
And for thy happiness I gave
My Life of Love to thee.
So, I have proved my love, you see;
Now what I ask is love from thee.
Romans, 13,10.

Love makes your motives pure and right.
It gives the "glee" you sought;
It turns your darkness into light,
And frees your soul from "ought";
Duty in love is easy done,
Depending on the Holy One.
James, 2-17.

Faith with Love will die alone,
And Hope will pine away;
But Faith with works of Love is grown
With Hope to Perfect Day.
O, give me grace to do my part,
Through loving Thee with all my heart.
1st John, 2-10.

SUNLIGHT.

MANSON, IOWA.

SOME HINTS.—A woman who has never taken care of poultry in a systematic manner does not know what intense delight there is in owning a flock of fowls, not mongrels (for the age of Methuselah down) but high grade or thoroughbred hens, so near alike that even their owner can scarcely tell one from the others. To have her hens average a few more eggs a day than any one else, makes a woman feel as if she had gained a victory.

"I haven't time to bother with chickens," do you say? Monday morning next when you betake yourself to the washtub, look at that immense pile of clothes and ponder: "The girls would be just as well off if they didn't have these white dresses. Why should I make myself the slave to the false idea of beauty? Some pretty hunting would serve them just as well as all those calicoes. My own work dresses if of worsted would cause less work, both in washing and in making."

Your family would be fully as healthy if you made less pie and cake. If they were served with a lunch once in awhile it would do no harm. Your floor would do if not scrubbed quite so often. It would do no damage if there were even a few specks on your spotless window.

Curtail your labor. Economize your strength. If then you have no time to take care of chickens, hire a cheap boy to perform the drudgery. You furnish the brain power, more of which article may be profitably expended on poultry than most people suppose.—EMMA J. MELLETTE, Langford, Boulder County, Colorado.

CHARITY.—If the white rose of charity blooms in your heart there is fertile soil there. True charity is a green oasis in this desert of trial and temptation. It diminishes the friction of life, and makes the aching heart glad. The loving heart is the strong heart, and the generous hand is the hand to cling to when the path becomes difficult. Let charity shine starlike through all gloom and depression.

If we want to be charitable we must avoid rash judgment, for, in the words of Seneca, "A man does not feel what he does not know." We should not condemn people simply because they do things we cannot understand. Let us have much charity for the very, very sinful. Dr. Chalmers has beautifully said: "The little that I have seen of the world and know of the history of mankind teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the hard pulsations, the bitter tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the scorn of the world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary and threatening voices within, health gone and happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came." However sinful a fellow-being may be, he is still thy brother, for is he not a child of the self-same God? May we all have plenty of charity, mercy and kindness.—SENORA B. BROWN, Stelvideo, O.

A LESSON FOR FATHERS.—A little three-year-old was lying on the floor talking to himself. All at once he cried out: "Damn, damn, damn!" "Come here," his mother cried, with sternness in her voice and displeasure in her eyes. "Oh, mamma," the little fellow said, "I was only talking about the dam in my ditch!"

At another time the little farmer was standing by the side of a pond for holding the water from a spring. "Bob wants this undammed," he said to himself; "yes, papa, Bob wants this undammed, and I'll be dammed if I don't undam it."

Don't let your children hear profanity. They are bound to pick it up. See that your hired men do not swear before your children. Your boys will pattern after their elders. "As the twig is bent the tree will grow.—E. J. M.

Inquiries.

I am a reader of the BLADE and especially of the HOUSEHOLD, in which I take a great deal of interest. Some time ago (several weeks) I noticed that some lady wanted a shorthand correspondent. As I am a shorthand writer, I answered the inquiry, sending it to the BLADE from which I never heard. Was my name sent to her or was it overlooked? Now, would you be so kind as to inform me through the BLADE, as I do not remember her name now, or any one else, of my wish of corresponding in shorthand.—IDA L. ADAMS, Box 398, Lima, O.

Can you or any of the BLADE's readers tell me where I can obtain small articles such as knives, spoons, etc., for silver plating? I have a small battery and could do my own plating if I could only get suitable articles.—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will the one who gave the recipe for curling hair, the one that has olive oil, organum and rosemary in, please repeat it as I have lost mine and would like to make some.—JENNIE.

Will some one please give a cure for catarrh; also a sure cure for gapes in young chickens?—SADIE, Brush Valley, Pa.

I too am a sufferer from muscular rheumatism, and not only my elbows, but almost every joint in the body, is suffering. If any one can tell me what will both straighten and strengthen these joints, after being diseased for almost eight years, they will confer a great favor upon me and doubtless bless other readers of your valuable paper. I am only 41 years of age and believe there is a cure for me.—MRS. A. E. STEPHENSON.

MAY I inquire of the HOUSEHOLD of some ways to prepare Siberian crabs for use? Also, what will remove a swelling or lump on the wrist that seems to have been caused by a sprain.—ROSE PRIM.

Is there a patent on the process of preserving fruits and vegetables by the use of acids? If not, will some of the HOUSEHOLD readers give the process?—SUBSCRIBER.

As pokeberries cannot be obtained around here, will the root do as well, as that can be found at the drug store? If so how portion it?—SUBSCRIBER.

Can any one tell how to prevent moths working in carpets? Can they be exterminated where they have once gotten in a house?—MATRON.

Will Frances or some other kind friend please explain the meaning of "pull over slip stitch 3 times," also "s back every time." I find these in the directions for elegant insertion published last November. Have seen them in other patterns also, and never could find how to knit it. Perhaps I am very stupid. I am waiting for some one to give directions for removal of moth spots.—S. M. O.

What will remove grease spots from a black all-wool dress? Don't say benzine, as that has failed.

Please tell me of the most rapid growing climbers suited for a verandah. Something that lives the year round, (we have no frosts) and will cling like ivy. A pretty blooming plant preferred.

What will remove small spiders from rosebushes? As monthly roses grow in our gardens and make trees five or six feet tall, don't say cover with a newspaper and fumigate, as even the Mammoth BLADE is not large enough for that.—MEG MERRILES.

Answers to Inquiries.

Please tell me through the HOUSEHOLD which is considered most fashionable, plain white china tea sets, flowered, or gold-rimmed

Which would be considered in best taste for a girl of 19, a necklace or a watch and chain?—MRS. C. H. S.

The decorated china have been for some time in the greatest favor.

Either is perfectly proper. Necklaces have not lately been much worn, nor a watch and chain for full dress. The latter is, however, a convenience for a lifetime. —ED.

If a person should write a book, a first-class or good work of fiction, where can he find publishers who would risk on a book which it is thought will probably sell? That is, publishers who will examine the manuscript of a work and buy it if they think it profitable? Should an author have a book copyrighted which he has written, or can the publishers to whom he sells it attend to that?—FLORENCE ANDREWS.

These questions or similar ones have been many times answered in the BLADE. Any publishing house will be willing to take the risk on a book that they think will sell. Send the manuscript to them, after writing to find out whether they are willing to examine it with a view of publication.

The copyright is obtained and remains in the possession of the house unless it is published by the author's expense.—ED.

Will the editor tell me how how to cure and what will prevent my face from breaking out with pimples? I have been troubled with them for five years (since I was eleven.) Parts of my face are covered with blackheads, while the rest is broken out with, red angry looking blotches. Would you advise me to try some patent remedy? Any information will be gratefully received by A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Your blood is out of order, and probably the digestion poor. It is impossible to tell you any one medicine to take, and we would not advise you to use any patent medicine. It is better to put your general system in order. You would be wise to send to the Locke Publishing Co, Toledo, O, and get "Health and Beauty," which will give you definite directions how to take care of yourself. If you follow them out closely you will soon see a change. The book will only cost you a dollar.—ED.

Please tell Mrs. F. to place a dish of water in her bird cage at night and allow it to remain. Repeat until there are not any mites on the water when removed from the cage in the morning. This is considered better than putting insect powder on the bird, although that will also remove them. —LOUIA DELL.

Seeing an inquiry in your columns from L. H., Gainsville, Ark., who had lately moved there, I will give advice on what kind of vegetables to plant, etc. I will say in reply, if you and your sister intend to do all the work within yourselves don't plant over three-quarters of an acre to onions, as follows: half acre to either or all of large red Weathersfield, Southport yellow globe, or white globe, the latter sells the best here; quarter acre of early red and extra early perl, also plant plenty of early tomatoes, cabbage, lettuce, sweet corn, cucumbers, potatoes, beans and peas. Follow all the early crops with late celery and cabbage, and in addition to this plant sufficient of late sweet corn, potatoes, peas, beans, etc., to supply your patrons throughout the season, and it will help you in reputation more than anything else.—W. V. DICKENS, Trumansville, N.Y.

Recipes.

Cream Pie.—1½ cupfuls sweet cream; 2 tablespoonfuls flour; 2 tablespoonfuls sugar. Mix the flour and sugar together dry, then put in the cream, bake in a very rich crust, enough for one pie. Let all lovers of pie try this.—MARY GARWOOD, Amador, Minn.

How I Fix Lettuce.—½ cupful sour cream, and fill up the cup with vinegar; 1 egg well beaten; turn all in a frying pan that has had a tablespoonful of butter or meat grease, and a pinch of salt. Have your lettuce all ready; when your mixture comes to a boil turn over lettuce and stir well with a spoon.—BUSYBODY No. 2.

Dodgers.—One pt. of milk, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, and cornmeal enough to make a stiff batter. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat and fry brown on both sides.

To Cook Yellow Turnips.—Pare, cut into small pieces, put in cold water and bring to a boil; then pour off the water, add fresh hot water, one teaspoonful of salt and the same of sugar. When done mash them and add a small piece of butter. This will be found a great improvement on the old way of cooking this much-despised but very wholesome vegetable.—MRS. L.

Ginger Cake.—"Iowa" asks in BLADE how to make old-fashioned gingerbread. Here it is, such as used to be sold in my girlhood days on training days in Pennsylvania: 1 cupful of molasses; ½ cupful of water; ½ cupful of shortening; 1 tablespoonful of ginger; 1 scant teaspoonful of soda; mix with flour enough to make a medium batter; bake in buttered pan in quick oven.—MARY.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

LARUE, O.	CUTLER, ILL.	HAVANA, MINN.
L McClintick,	C B Brown,	Nellie Morford,
Upton Patridge,	Louis C Smith,	Roy Morford,
Ella Watkins,	Eddie Wilson,	Gertie Morford,
Homer Lonham,	Gilbert E Smith,	L R Johnson,
Ida Pickering,	J W Dallas.	G N Johnson.
Sherm'n Watkins,	John T Keen,	TIFFIN CITY, MO.
Ella Chesney,	Robert J Dallas,	Eva Stephens,
Wm Bonham,	Louis A Jenkins,	Alice Stephens,
Alda McClintick,	Wm B Brown,	Charlie Stephens
Alfred Watkins,	R F Stevenson,	Maddie Stephens
Della McClintick,	Jas R Craig,	Celia Bledsoe.
Oramus Oberdier,	Sarah Smith,	WALLA WALLA,
Allie Watkins,	L E Stevenson,	WASH. TER.
M Pickering,	Maggie Stevenson	Roe Spencer.
Cora Deboit,	Ollie B Dallas,	Claudia Spencer,
Wirtam Deboit,	Annie Brown,	Wm Welch,
Loua Orr,	Ada G Brown,	Eugene Wells,
Geo Oberdier,	Cora Jenkins,	Ellis Wells.
Maud Walters,	Amos Jenkins	FALLS CITY, NEB.
Ortis Partridge,	ST. JOSEPH, MO.	J O Tobin.
Elva Denman,	John Snare.	HARPER, KAN.
Howard Lytel,	Katie Snare.	Clara E Breck,
Minnie Oberdier,	Mary Backman,	Mary A Greek,
Nelson Dickason,	Lillie Backman,	W A Kragh.
Gertie Pickering,	Minnie Caskey,	Minnie P Ellis,
Marcus Watkins,	Lelia Shewood,	Lyan G White,
Justus Matterson,	Libbie Bell,	Roscoe Doolin,
Willie Little,	Mattie Pace,	David Greek.
Benny Matterson,	Maude Mitchell,	ANDERSON, OR.
PLEASANT GROVE, ILL.	Vance McKee, Laura Doan,	Viola Melvin, A B Melvin,
Mary E Whitson,	Laura Richard,	Ella Melvin,
E S Whitson,	Jessie Finney,	C Melvin,
R C Whitson,	BLOOMVILLE, O.	Carl Pyritz,
H O Whitney,	Fanny Myers,	Ella Bay,
Maud Elliott,	Etta Bowman,	L Seymour.
Alice L Page,	F P Tompkins,	ONAWA, IA.
Rosa Robinson,	Zora Gantz,	Eva Oliver,
Estella Whitcom,	Robert Swigart,	F G Oliver,
Grant Stansbury,	Ina Dislinger,	Nettie Perswiger
Ewing Chrisope,	Birdie Dunlap,	Willie Perswiger
M M Christine,	E McCollister,	M Templeton.
Amanda Black,	Emmit Lehman,	B Templeton.
Gertrude Elliott,	Edson Spitler,	NICHOLS STATION,
Jannie Smith,	E Tomlkins,	NEB.
Nettie Harley,	Frank Miller,	Frank Zook,
Belle Leasure,	Herbert Griffin,	Zech Zook,
Carl Leasure,	Rollie Norris,	Ida Zook,
Elmer McCrae,	John Lehman,	Cora Zook,
Mary Wright,	Clara Kerschner,	Mary Zook,
Herman Wright,	Willie Miller,	Ida Zook.
Ralph O Magill,	Minnie Norris,	WALL LAKE, IA.
Vera L Magill,	Clarence Shook,	E B Carpenter,
Maud Magill,	Emma Wilder,	Mary Carpenter,
GRAND RIVER, DAKOTA,	Charles Kutz,	F L Carpenter.
W D Jackson,	Cora Kerschner,	GLOBE, ARIZ.
Bertie Clark,	Durlin Swigart,	Nannie Horrell,
Edith Jennings,	Frank Swigart,	E E Horrell,
Harry Stanley,	Orvie Carson,	W N Horrell,
Amy Jennings,	Rollie Swigart,	Willie Horrell,
Fred Bone,	Alice Kerschner,	ALLEN GROVE,
Arthur Jennings,	C H Shock,	Alice Horrell,
Maud Chapman,	Willis Cory,	Ida Horrell,
John Kirkindall,	Albert Hoy,	Cora Horrell,
Carrie Barham,	Lola Davis,	J L Gibson,
Bertie Clark,	B Shawman,	Alice B Windes.
Wm Kirkindall,	Lola Detterman,	SPRING BROOK,
Sylvia Johnson,	John Detterman,	NEB.
F Kirkindall,	John Shawman,	Cora E Skinner,
Jessie Boyer,	Clint Dickens,	KNOXVILLE, TENN.
C Kirkindall,	TOPEKA, KAN.	George Ambrose
Jessie Barham,	Clara B Clay,	Maggie Ambrose,
Sadie Harroon,	Gus Shanahan,	Carrie Childress.
Minnie Lamb,	Edgar Cooper,	GRASD LEDGE,
Mamie Howard,	Wm E Foster,	MICH.
Ionca Jenings,	Harry H Foster,	Edith Ford,
Ola Clark,	Edith M Foster,	Myrtis Hyde,
Bertie Chambers,	Fred Foster,	Nettie Whitney,
Nora Boyd,	Lola Shawman,	Lizzie Shawman,
Sherry Jennings,	Minnie B Harris,	Hattie Hinman,
Minnie Beckley,	M C Wolgamott,	Mae Sheets,
Warren Taylor,	Laura M Klein,	Bessie Bumberg,
Ida Royer,	Willie Klein,	Dottie Blumberg,
Maud Daily,	Bertie Sage,	Herbert Clark,
P Boyer,	W Rickenbacher,	Cyrus Clark.
Bessie Daily,	T Rickenbacher,	MOLINE, ILL.
Selma Stanley,	Charlie Trainer,	Hattie Blanchard
Mabel Daily,	Willie Trainer,	Gracie Blanchard
Florence Siphert	Warner Grotewold	Maud Blanchard,
Jay Draper,	Minnie Stanley,	Ray Blanchard,
Alice McConnell,	C Ravencamp.	WASHBURN, ILL.
Eddie M Connell,	DAYTON, O.	Chas Younger,
N Overholtzer,	W B Maginnis,	Katie Wilson,
LA GRANGE, MO.	N E Maginnis.	Henry Stephen,
Charley How,	TOWANDA, KY.	Awald Stephen,
B Richmond.	Raymond Hall,	Carl Carithers.

Names this week, 263. Total, 10,245.

TEN THOUSAND!

A Glorious Temperance Legion.

To-day the number of young folks who have signed the pledge which stands at the head of this column, passes ten thousand! Only think of it! Ten thousand boys and girls who have turned their faces in the right direction!

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

DOUGLAS MIXTURE.—Will some member of the BLADE family please give the recipe for Douglas mixture for poultry. My hens are healthy, and I have excellent luck in hatching, but when the chicks are a week or so old, they are attacked with a sort of diarrhœa. Their droppings do not fall free, but adhere in a bunch, and unless removed they quickly die. Sometimes I cannot save them at all. The old hens are kept in clean and airy coops, but the chicks have full liberty to run. I feed corn meal and clabber cheese, with a little cayenne sometimes. Perhaps it is cholera that ails them.—Mrs. G. P. C., Trimble, Colorado. [We have several times given the recipe to make the Douglas mixture, and will here repeat it, hoping that it will be saved by the readers of the BLADE farm: Add to one gallon of water one-half pound of sulphate of iron (copperas) when this is dissolved add one-half ounce of sulphuric acid. Mix thoroughly and keep in a stone jug or bottle. When settled it is ready for use. Of course a greater or less quantity can be made as desired, but the same proportions must be used. It is among the best known tonics. It is given by putting in the drinking water about one-half teaspoonful for 25 fowls. It is excellent for fowls in moulting season and its antiseptic and alterative qualities make it valuable as a remedy. Give two or three times a week, and when there is danger, every day.—ED.]

T. E. Quigley, Novi, Mich.: Your horse seems to be troubled with urticaria. It frequently appears in horses when turned out to grass in the spring. Sometimes a draught of cold water will bring it out if given when the horse is heated. First, give this draught: Raw linseed oil, 16 ounces; oil of anise seed, 2 drachms; spirits of sweet nitre, 2 ounces. Follow this with bisulphate of soda, 1 ounce; powdered gentian, ½ounce. Make into a ball, and give night and morning for one day. Bathe the eruptions with a wash of sugar of lead, 1 drachm to the pint of water.—ED.]

LUCERNE, OR ALFALFA.—I have been reading about alfalfa, and wish to know more about it. Can it be successfully cultivated in eastern Ohio? Where can seed be procured, and how does it rate? When is the best time to sow? Any information in regard to it will be thankfully received. —Enquirer, Ashtabula. [Lucerne, as it is called by both names, will succeed, we think, in your county. It requires a very fine mellow soil, and some protection the first year. It is more difficult to secure a good stand of it than other clovers, but when once fairly established it will produce large, profitable crops for several years. It yields an immense amount of green fodder for cattle, and should be cut when it begins to bloom. In the dryest and most sultry weather, when other grass withers, Lucerne remains fresh and green as in spring, as the roots penetrate deeply into the ground. It does not exhaust the soil, but rather improves it. It should not be sown on compact clay soils. It may be cut three or four times during a season. It grows two or three feet high, and has purple blossoms. Eight to ten pounds are sown to the acre. Costs about 25 or 30 cents per pound, and may be had of any dealer in seeds. Some advocate sowing 20 pounds to the acre broadcast. We think the fall would be the best time to sow, in your locality. In some sections it is sown in the spring, in drills, twelve inches apart, and hoed until it covers the surface. It is not so well adapted as a grazing clover as other kinds.—ED.]

W. L. Northup Warsaw, Va.: See answer to Bellmont County. It is a favorite in the South, on account of standing the heat well.—ED.

RING BONE.—What are the symptoms of ring bone on a horse? What causes it, and what will cure it, if curable? Is it hereditary?—C. P. VAWLER, Springdale, Ky. [Deep firing and one or two blisterings is best thing to do in the early stages of the affection. After the first three months the growth is complete and not reducable, hence bone spavin and splints are the same thing under different names and situations only. An application that has received sanction to remove ring bone is: Venice turpentine and Spanish flies, of each two ounces; euphorbum and aqua ammonia, of each one ounce; red precipitate, half an ounce; lard, one and a half pounds. Pulverize all and put in the lard; simmer on coals, not burning or scorching. Cut off the hair and rub the ointment well into the lumps, once in 48 hours. Wash well previous to each application, with suds, rubbing over the place with a smooth stick to squeeze out the thick, yellow matter.—ED.]

THUMPS.—Can you or any readers of the BLADE tell me what was the matter with my horse. I bought him last spring and did a large spring's work with him, and he kept in good condition and seemed in good life and spirits all the time. I noticed several times that, after making a heavy draw, I could distinctly hear his heart for several yards away. Have not been doing anything with him for three weeks. Monday I started to ride him to a neighbor's. When 30 rods from the barn he fell broadside and lay on the ground and shook like a leaf; the sweat stood in drops all over him. Wednesday he had another fall, with the same symptoms, and in 5 minutes he died. He did not act as if he had the blind staggers. As there are three more horses in this vicinity that have the heart-beating symptoms, I write for information, so as to help them. My horse had the heaves, but not very bad. Had that anything to do with his death?—A. D., Ada, Ohio. [Your horse was affected with thumps, which is a sudden, violent, convulsive beating of the heart, which may or may not be connected with some disease of values or substance of the organ. The chief symptom is the increased violence of the heart's action. Indigestion and blood diseases are accompanied by palpitations. The causes of the diseases are most frequently traced to high feeding or violent exercise. To treat successfully, avoid exciting the horse, or over-exertion. Indigestion and constipation must be prevented. The following is advantageously given: Powdered digitalis, 30 grains; chlorate of potash, half an ounce. To be given once a day.—ED.]

Answers to Inquiries.

SUCKING COWS.—I see in the BLADE of June 17 an article on sucking cows. I had a cow that sucked herself, some years ago, and my remedy is: Take a tough hickory stick, about 15 inches long and one inch thick in the middle; make it round and sharpen each end to a sharp point; cut the stick in the middle half an inch deep by three-eighths wide; take a scratch awl, and punch a hole through the thin part of her nose; then force the sharp stick through till the nose slips in the notch in the stick, and while that stick remains in her nose there will be no sucking. I know D. T. C. Farran's remedy is good, but I prefer the sharp stick in the nose.

I have been in Missouri for 18 years, and I have never seen such a prospect for corn, oats and potatoes as at present.—HENRY MUSSER, Blaine, Mo.

WARREN COUNTY, TENNESSEE.—In reply to your correspondent, I state that in Warren county, Tennessee, the winters are mild, the summer's heat is less than at points farther north. Timber, post oak, red oak, hickory and poplar, and plenty of it. Health unexcelled; fuel in great abundance; crops good; freestone water; demand for labor moderate. Northern people welcome, and they are numerous in this section.—C.

RECEIVED.

Fourth Annual Report of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station for 1885. This report, submitted by the director, William R. Lazenby, is one which embraces a variety of matter on agriculture and horticulture that will be read with interest, and receive the heartiest approval of all for whose benefit it is issued. The work exhibits great care and an immense amount of labor, made up in a way for ready reference, and deserves the attention of every agriculturalist in Ohio who aims to excel in his work.

The Michigan *Horticulturist* for June, published by W. H. Barr Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich. Mr. Chas. W. Garfield, the editor, is proving himself a most capable gentleman, and with the assistance of a corps of able writers the *Horticulturist* presents an array of reading matter that will meet with the approval of its readers.

Catalogue of the Jewett stock farm, Buffalo, N. Y., and the Jewett farm, Cheney, Kas., standard-bred trotting horses and Holstein Friesian cattle.

Progress of the Rye-Wheat Plants.

The development of the *Rural's* rye-wheat hybrids is far more curious and interesting this season than in any previous year. Those plants which "most resembled rye," as we have designated them, have hitherto varied to a trifling extent as compared with the others, which resembled wheat more than rye. We selected the best heads of the former, as already stated, and planted them in a plot of about one-twentieth of an acre. The heads in shape were rather narrow, tapering, half bearded—the tops of the stalks of all were downy. It is a matter of very great surprise to us that in this plot there is such a variety of heads that if evidence were suddenly placed before us that all of the varieties of wheat in cultivation sprang from accidental crosses between rye and wheat, we should accept it as in harmony with the appearance of these plants. The down does not appear upon the culms of some, while others are covered more thickly than the parent stems. Some of the heads are beardless, others as much bearded as barley. Some heads are of the shape of Clawson, or the female parent, Armstrong; others are club-headed, with and without beards. Our readers must remember that this twentieth of an acre of plants, so strangely dissimilar, all originated from a *single seed*—one of the ten kernels which four years ago was the result of crossing rye upon wheat. The three-quarters rye-wheat plants (the cross made last year by again using rye pollen upon these hybrids) all differ from one another. There are fourteen plants. We shall select some of the best heads and again attempt to cross it with rye, which, if successful, will make the progeny seven-eighths rye. If, as judged by appearances, we were finally to produce rye plants by the continued use of rye pollen, would this prove that wheat and rye were of the same origin?—*Rural New Yorker.*

Potato Blight Remedies.

Our county suffered greatly from loss of the potato crops by this disease. One man accidently discovered a preventive, but he was so mean he kept it to himself. Eventually, however, it leaked out that, having prepared a tub of blue vitriol with which to sprinkle his wheat the next day, he set one side. By accident a bag of potatoes fell into the tub and remained there all night. He planted them, nevertheless, and they yielded well, and were perfectly free from rot or blight. He took the hint from this, and afterwards treated his seed in the same manner with similar results. I tried it with diseased potatoes, put in strong vitriol water, letting them lie in water over night. I cut them next day, (I could see that the vitriol had penetrated every diseased part of the tubers) and planted them. Result: Potatoes perfectly free from rot or blight. Another man told me he washed his seed potatoes in a running brook, and had no trouble from rot or blight. Another said he put a handful of salt in each hill, which prevented blight and rot. Now I want the Michiganders to try all, or some of these, and report in the *Prairie Farmer* the result of their experience.—*J. Hodson, in Prairie Farmer.*

Small, But Good.

In the United States there is not a sheep apiece for each person.

Never set a hen that has scaly legs. She will give the disease to her chicks.

The pig pen is always the best place to dispose of imperfect small fruit and potatoes.

Keep the garden free from weeds. You cannot grow a paying crop of vegetables and a crop of weeds at the same time.

A liberal application of lime upon the land intended for cabbage will tend to prevent the attack of the cabbage maggot.

There are over 100 wholesale poultry dealers in New York. Some firms in the trade handle daily 100 barrels, each containing 175 pounds.

Any one whose abode is in the neighborhood of a stream and a common could not possibly fix on any live stock more profitable than geese.

A remedy for the maggot which infests cabbage is to make a hole with a dibble close to the stalk, insert ten drops of bisulphide of carbon and quickly close the hole again.

William Falconer, in the *Country Gentleman*, says that parsnips, salsify and scorzonera are more apt to grow forked when planted on freshly manured soil.

Clean out all the rose bushes by taking away the old wood and then shortening the stronger shoots one-third. The growth and appearance will be greatly improved thereby.

The chicks most likely to fatten well are those first hatched in the brood, and those with the shortest legs. Long-legged fowls, as a rule, are by far the most difficult to fatten.

Secretary Beadle, of the Ontario Fruit Growers' association, says the Kieffer pear is like a turnip, we never want to eat it raw. It is good to cook and can. The tree is tender and the fruit cracks, he says.

The Michigan *Farmer* says that West Shore fruit growers depend largely on plowing under green crops, such as rye and clover, for fertilizing their orchards. The rye is plowed under as soon as fully headed.

You may grow Mellot or sweet clover for the bees to gather honey from late in the season, but not for stock as they will not eat it. It has a bitter taste. It will perpetuate itself in good land without cultivation.

There is no other garden plant which has so many insect enemies as the squash. Still, in a large plantation, after the striped beetle has been whipped, other insect enemies will rarely do enough damage to make the injury serious.

Keep a sharp lookout in the orchard for the nests of the tent caterpillar. Destroy them at once, or they will soon be lined, or, if out of reach, by burning out the nests by means of a small bundle of rags tied upon the end of a long pole and saturated with kerosene.

Mustard plants used to be the terror and disgust of the California wheat grower. Now they are a source of profit. By ingenious mechanical harvesting both crops are gathered separately, and the mustard is worth more than the wheat on the same land.

An experienced horticulturist thus describes his mode of planting fruit trees: He makes holes eighteen inches deep and three feet in diameter, fills in four inches of strong, short horse manure, then two or three inches of street dirt, sets the trees and fills in with earth.

Alsike clover is beautiful with its scarlet blossoms, but not equal to the red as a forage plant. It is between the red and the white in its yield and in the size of the blossoms. 'Tis said that honey bees ever sip the honey in its cups. The seed ripens from the first blossoms.

It is estimated, says an exchange, that Pennsylvania flocks were reduced about 20 per cent. last year, but through actual loss of stock from disease, etc., the fall-off is placed at 3 per cent.—the lowest figure in the country, and equaled in no other wool-growing state.

Pasture is the most nutritious when composed of many species of grass, and when young and succulent. As grass gets older it contains a less proportion of albuminoids, and is then an inferior ration for milk. A cow penned on corn ground together is excellent food as part of a ration for rich milk.

To prevent the splitting or bursting of cabbages, J. J. H. Gregory recommends to go frequently over the ground and start every cabbage that appears to be about to mature, by pushing them over sideways. Heads thus started are said to grow to double the size they had attained when about to burst.

The evolution of the tomato is going on in a remarkable way. Not many years ago the fruit was heavy, thick skin and seeds, but the newest varieties are almost solid pulp with very few seeds. Possibly, as in the case of the bananas, the seeds will yet disappear altogether and the plants will have to be propagated by cuttings.

GLANDERED HORSES.

Illinois Farmers Resist the Officers—Five Horses Shot.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 4.—The state board of Live Stock Commissioners has closed up an interesting case in the execution of the law for the suppression of contagious disease, and the result was that four glandered horses and one that had been exposed, the property of Chris. Zehr, of Lilly, Tazewell county, were slaughtered. Five competent veterinarians have examined the horses, and all agreed that four of the horses were glandered.

On two occasions the State veterinarian and the board were successfully resisted by the neighbors assembled at each visit, to the number of forty, and the sheriff declined to assist the board as the law directs him to do. This made it necessary to reach the Zehr premises unannounced, which was successfully done yesterday, and the horses were shot before a huge bell called the neighbors to assist Zehr in further resisting the execution of the law.

The man who caused all the trouble is a rough character living in Lilly, named Alger, and it was found he had taken one of the horses from the quarantined premises to his stable in Lilly and placed it between two valuable horses. This animal was also killed, and the board will prosecute Alger. It will most probably also prosecute the Sheriff of Tazewell county for refusing to do his plain duty under the law.

Smallpox in Michigan.

MARQUETTE, Mich., July 2.—Information has just reached this city of the presence of smallpox among the homesteaders near Statwalt Postoffice, twelve miles from Lake Michigan, near the boundary line of Chippewa and Mackinac counties. In a family named Hannah two children have died, and the father, crazed by the disease, escaped from the house, and is running about the woods. No doctors are near, and no help can reach the locality.

No official quarantine has been established, and the settlers in the neighborhood are fleeing. The postmaster has barricaded the road, and will let no one go near the postoffice. The disease is supposed to have been brought from Canada by a man who lately came from Montreal, and staid with the Hannah family while ill, they not knowing what the disease was.

AT THE SEASHORE.

What the Wild Waves are Saying—Some Features of Life on the Sands and at the Atlantic Coast Resorts—Bathing, Dancing and Dressing.

The annual stampede from the larger Eastern cities to the seashore resorts has fully set in, and life at all the more popular places has already begun to assume its wonted phases. The anxious boniface, who lives nine or ten months in a year upon expectations, must make a good deal oftbay while the hot sun shines on the inhabitants of overcrowded cities in the broiling months of July and August. And he generally makes it. If he doesn't it is not his fault—not because he doesn't know how to apply the principles of the multiplication table to the bills of the gudgeons who come his way.

NEAT BUT NOT GAUDY.

A friend of the writer recently addressed the proprietor of a hostelry at one of the fashionable resorts asking terms for one or two months for himself and wife with two comfortable rooms. The answer came promptly back, written in a beautiful, flourishing hand upon a neatly engraved sheet of his paper: "One hundred dollars per week. Secure rooms by telegraph." The telegram has not been sent, and will not be unless the gentleman is successful in negotiating a mortgage on his house and lot. But though it comes high, people must have their seashore recreation. There is to the great majority of those who live in towns, a fascination in about it which attracts, while the heat and dust at home spurs them on anywhere for relief. The Atlantic coast, from New Jersey to Maine, is dotted with these resorts, as varied in kind as in the character and quality of their visitors.

Atlantic City and Cape May are to Philadelphia what Coney Island and Long Branch are to New York—the first place where "the mob" go for short stops and Sunday trips, and the last more sought by the wealthy and fashionable classes, who go to dance and flirt and show their fancy bathing costumes. Then there is Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, Methodist goody-goody places, Block Island, Narragansett, and hundreds of other places scattered around until the extreme north is reached at Bar Harbor. But the great "tony" place of all is Newport. Here the wealthy nabobs of New York, with a sprinkling of their brethren from other cities, have built up a city on the sands, which, for elegance and style and exclusiveness, has no equal anywhere in the world.

A FAMILY PARTY.

A majority of those who go to Newport have cottages of their own there, and make it a summer residence. Some of the handsomest villas in the country are here, and the Queen Ann style of architecture is seen in its highest perfection of outward beauty, and internal inconvenience. I have in mind now a cottage which cost upward of $250,000, yet does not contain as much available room as the ordinary, medium-sized country residence. It is so taken up with turrets, alcoves and gables that the rooms are ill-shaped and cramped. But the exterior beauty is there, set off by a lawn that seems a corner of paradise itself.

Surf-bathing is the greatest attraction to the majority of those who affect the sea shore. Nearly everybody bathes daily, and those who do not, gather on the beach and watch those who do. A stroll along the beach during the fashionable bathing hours is well worth the time spent, if one has a keen sense of the ludicrous. Here and there among the bathers can be seen a type that is well known among the young men as the sand crusher. It never gets too fat to put in a bathing suit, and is supremely unconscious of the ridicule that inevitably follows it. And then she does not stay in the water more than a fourth of the time, but stands or sits on the beach looking at the bathers.

THE SAND CRUSHER.

In pleasing contrast to the sand crusher is the belle of the beach, who promenades the sands for an hour in the morning, parasol in hand. She rarely goes in reach of the water and the costume that she wears is what is known as the surf dress. This style is very captivating. The skirt-belts are worn moderately flowing, and if the wearer wishes to bathe it requires not a little skill to keep them dry. The panier is larger and richly fluted, and the suit is accompanied by a parasol or small umbrella making the ensemble graceful in outline and pleasing to the eye, though it is a little bewildering to the beholder fresh from the city. Another typical sketch is that of the American citizen in the most approved male costume for the surf. He is sniffing the salt air preparatory to a plunge, and is determined to get full value for his outlay.

Speaking of costumes, the fair reader would like to know perhaps that Worth's latest seaside dress on cold gusty days is made of a dark blue woolen stuff, the texture of which is very thin. It has three skirts, the two lower ones being plain at the back and red velvet devices are appliqué all round. The third skirt or tunic form embroidered points, and is lifted up on the left side with large red velvet cockades. The blue bodice is closed at the rise with three velvet cockades. A blue straw high hat trimmed with red velvet and peonies is to be worn with this somewhat eccentric frock.

A great deal is written of the wild revelry and indecorous displays at the seashore, but much of it is unduly exaggerated. Your correspondent has never been able to discover immodesty disporting itself upon the sands to any alarming extent. The ladies nearly all bathe in modest dark flannel suits, with long, heavy stockings, and as fully dressed as the most rigid taste could require. Of course there are some exceptions to this general rule, but they are numbered among the sensations which do a good part in making the sometimes monotonous life bearable. While all costumes are cut rather less decollete this year than formerly, there are still some whose trousers are short enough to show shapely limbs encased in well-fitting stockings.

For ladies who aim to be swimmers, the old-fashioned bathing suits are giving way to some extent as being too cumbersome, and it may be that in time we shall come still nearer the French style, which covers its wearer just as little as possible for decency. The French women who wear these scanty suits, however, have always an attendant waiting on the beach with a long wrap in which to envelope themselves as they come out of the water. It is remarked that a few ladies this season wear no stockings, leaving the foot and the leg bare below the short skirt. "Why on earth do they do it?" asked one young girl of an older friend in my hearing. The friend smiled. "My dear," she said, "don't you know how easily legs may be padded under stockings? Besides so few women have feet free from corns and bunions that those who have like to show them."

It cannot be denied that the men, far more than the women, offend against modesty, not to say decency, in the matter of bathing costumes. Many of them wear the dress of a gymnast, merely covering the trunk, while those who have any superfluous material in the garment are few and far between. The explanation given is that no man can swim in an old-fashioned bathing suit. It used to be said that all women were guys in bathing costume; but we have changed that nowadays, and many of the bathers are really picturesque figures. Many wear bathing corsets; nearly all have wide bathing belts, and gossip tells of flowing tresses attached to bathing caps. I was in the surf one day when a lady lost one of these arrangements which went floating off like a mass of sea weed, leaving the wearer shorn for the moment of the long hair which had enveloped her slender figure as she walked down into the water. But such cases are rare.

There is no regulation toilet, in the water or out, at the seash re, where greater freedom is tolerated, in matters of dress as well as deportment, than is enjoyed in the same circle elsewhere. Within certain limits fashion favors everything, and if a dress be well fitting and the wearer have that indefinable something known as *chic*, whatever be its color or material, the toilet is sure to be a success. Many of the prettiest dresses for the morning are of calico, while dainty dresses for afternoon are of lawn, trimmed with lace. The indications are that dancing is not going to be the popular source of amusement this season that it was in the past. At present it is largely given up to the children.

THE BELLE OF THE BEACH.

As soon as the musicians have taken their places in the evening the children assemble in the big parlor. The young ladies wear no skirts to speak of and the young gentlemen's trousers are the most insignificant part of their attire. They are chiefly gorgeous in stockings and sashes. Red legs, blue legs, pink legs, black legs and parti-colored legs make up a kaleidoscope. There is not much etiquette about choosing partners; a boy sizes up a girl he wants to dance with and sometime without the formality of an introduction yanks her to the floor. The girls are very extraordinarily fickle and have frequently been known to desert a young gentleman for another while in the very act of beginning a dance. On these occasions the unfortunate youth is jeered by his companions while the heartless Miss generally goes off with a bigger boy. But the dance at last commences with animation and amid childish laughter all the variously-colored legs are set in motion.

These are some of the features of life at the seashore resorts. Nearly every foot of desirable sandy beach along the whole coast is so utilized that there is scarcely a spot for those who love the sea for itself alone to stand entirely without accompanying features. Hence, "the sea shore," as we speak of it, at this season is not the place to go to "hold communion with nature," if that is what one desires. It was Eliza Cook who wrote:

"My earliest step would wander from the green
and fertile land,
Down where the clear blue ocean rolled, to
pace the rugged strand;
Oh! how I loved the waters and even longed
to be
A bird, a boat, or any thing that dwelt upon
the sea."

But it is a question whether the fair and sentimental Eliza had ever taken in a modern sea-shore summer resort. Any one who has never visited the popular beaches near our large cities during the heated term would be amazed on a hot Sunday in July or August to see the crowding mass of humanity that pack to their utmost capacity all the lines of steamboats running from New York to Coney Island. The writer heard a gray-haired resident of Rockaway Beach express the thing in this way not long ago, as he projected a spray of tobacco juice into the weather eye of the grocery dog: "It's all how the durn fools come troopin' an' runnin' over one another all summer to get down here. Seems to me, b'gosh, that nigh onto all New York comes down to brile in the sun an' lay 'round in the sand an' fight a shore breeze."

A Plucky Girl Captures a Burglar.

NEW YORK, July 3.—Elizabeth Dungan, the 17-year-old daughter of County-Collector Hugh Dugan, heard a noise in the upper part of her father's house, No. 342 Grove street, Jersey City, this afternoon, and went to see what occasioned it. In her brother's room was a stalwart thief, rummaging the bureau drawers. She asked him why he was there, and he darted for the door. She seized him as he attempted to pass. He instantly turned upon her and rained blows upon her head, but she hugged him closely to spoil their force, screaming meanwhile for help. Fearing that her cries would result in his capture the thief tried to choke the plucky girl into silence, but she shook her neck free from his grasp and resumed her shouting. Thus they struggled all the way down the stairs. At the outer door he made one supreme effort to tear himself away, and they rolled in each other's embrace down the stoop. The girl still held to him, and he had not risen to his feet before aid was at hand. Christian Rossing, a young man engaged in a shop across the street, dashed up to them, seized the man, and held him till an officer arrived.

Ex-Sen. Dorsey's Return.

NEW YORK, July 5.—Ex-Sen. S. W. Dorsey has returned from his foreign trip somewhat sooner than was expected. When he went away he said he was going for a long trip, to exhaust the entire summer up the coast of Norway. His return has therefore given rise to many conjectures as to what it means. He has been fighting shy of reporters, which gives some credence to the story that he went abroad not for a summer trip, but for the purpose of making a sale of his big cattle ranch in New Mexico to an English syndicate. Dorsey's ranch in New Mexico is 50 miles from the nearest railway station, and is estimated to be worth from $2,500,000 to $3,000,000. He owns one-half of it, while the other one-half is divided between J. B. Alley of Massachusetts, who was the head of the Credit Mobilier, Col. Ingersoll, and Murry Nelson of Chicago. Ingersoll and Nelson own a one-sixteenth interest each. If Dorsey has really disposed of his ranch he may be expected to come back into political life.

A Prominent Merchant Arrested for Forgery.

BOSTON, July 3.—Frank H. Brown, a prominent grain merchant, was arrested last evening on the charge of forging bills of lading. H. C. Haskins, of Michigan, shipped eighteen cars of oats to this city, consigned to Burton & Brown, and the bills of lading with drafts attached, were sent to the Fourth national bank of this city. Burton took up the drafts and obtained the bills of lading. Brown, it is alleged, made duplicate ones, took them to the grain elevator of the Boston & Albany railroad and obtained the grain. The railroad discovering later that the bills of lading were forged, caused Brown's arrest. The prisoner was bailed in $30,000.

Garfield's Tomb—Guard Removed.

CLEVELAND, July 2.—The military guard at Lakeview cemetery, which has watched the Garfield tomb for nearly five years, was withdrawn to-day by order of the War department. The lid of the casket was removed, and the features of Garfield were found to be unchanged. The casket was removed to a public vault from the Scofield vault, where a guard will watch it until the monument is completed.

Prohibition in Georgia.

ATLANTA, July 1.—At midnight the city liquor licenses expired and prohibition went into effect. The bar-rooms were filled with drinkers during the closing hours of license.

News of the Week.

A POWERFUL LEAGUE

Against Strikes and Boycotts—Members Sworn to Report for Duty at a Moment's Warning But Recently Organized, but Spreading Everywhere.

ST. LOUIS, July 5.—Several very important meetings of the leaders of the Law and Order league have been held recently, both here and at Sedalia, Mo. A prominent officer of the league says that these meetings have been much more general in character than those previously held, the intention being to establish an organization from one end of the country to the other in support of law and order, which can be largely massed, if necessary, at one point. For instance, in case of trouble in St. Louis, with which the league here could not cope, the preparations now being made are for the purpose of enabling the local officials to call on Chicago, or any other place, for reinforcements, the members being bound to answer such a call at a moment's notice.

The organization in this respect is partaking more of the character of national minute men, though the members say they hope they will never be called on to perform that kind of duty. As a means of getting the forces out on a few moments' notice, the addresses of all members, business and residence, are taken. The league, which had its origin in Sedalia, has been rapidly furthered by some of the leading secret society men in the country, Legion of Honor members and Masons being prominent, and the workings and management of these societies have been consolidated, and the best points called out.

The object has been to secure a large and effective membership as soon as possible, and at the same time keep it secret. They have been very successful in the latter regard, and it is only with the greatest labor that anything reliable as to its workings can be ascertained. Beginning in Sedalia and spreading to Desoto and Hannibal, Mo., it was soon taken up by St. Louis, when it readily began to boom and spread rapidly to Carondolet, Clarksville, Crystal City, Mo., Belleville, Ills., Chicago, Jackson, Mich., Evansville, Ind., St. Paul, Minneapolis, Rochester, N. Y., Milwaukee and Baltimore, in the order named, and is now gaining a strong foothold in Iowa and Kansas and other states. With the points named it has reached a membership of over 17,000, over 8,000 of which are in St. Louis.

Included in the membership it is said, are a large number of laboring men, engineers, conductors, and Knights of Labor, who express a firm allegiance to the league in preference to any order. Rev. Edmonston, of Sedalia, has been employed to work the league up all over the country, and has organized a great many branches, and has committees working in all directions. The principal object is to prevent labor disturbances, discountenance strikes and boycotts. The latter comes in for particular condemnation, a committee of the league being appointed to investigate all boycotts, and where the employer is found to have been unjust, to let him alone but where the employe has given no cause for such extreme measures, then to go to his assistance.

CHICAGO CARPENTERS.

More Trouble Between Union and Non-Union Men.

CHICAGO, July 6.—It has been learned that the attacks on non-union carpenters who were working ten hours was more general than at first known, and it is said that it is part of a plan arranged by the carpenters' union to force these men to work eight hours or not at all. None of the assaults made yesterday were successful, however.

Besides the affairs mentioned in yesterday's dispatches, trouble occurred on the South Side at 29th street and Vernon avenue, at 31st street and Vernon avenue, and at 31st street and South Park avenue. The workmen were attacked with much the same results as upon the West Side. At 29th street and Indiana avenue, an old man 65 years of age was thrown into a cellar, and another named Edmudson, was severely beaten.

The carpenters working ten hours on a new building at the corner of Indiana and Kingsbury streets were assailed by about half a dozen rioters. Several workmen were hit with stones and bricks, and some of them were severely hurt.

The Lake View police late yesterday afternoon arrested eight men on the charge of intimidating the carpenters at work in the village. At the meeting of the Chicago carpenters' unions Sunday a committee of 24 was appointed to co-operate with the branch of the union at Lake View. They succeeded in persuading a number of ten-hour non-union men to quit work Monday, and yesterday they continued their operations. In the afternoon eight of them went to the new cottage in course of construction on the corner of Mariana street and Sheffield avenue, where ten carpenters were at work. The committeemen argued with the workmen for a while, and then proceeded to exercise physical force. A patrol wagon promptly appeared and four of the "persuaders" were jailed.

At the corner of Oakdale avenue and Hernedon street is a new building. Here a number of the committeemen were discovered using clubs. They fled at the sight of the police, but four were overtaken. The charge preferred against these men is intimidation. They are all Germans. They failed to procure bail, and will come before Justice Chaplin to-day.

COLUMBUS SALOON-KEEPERS

Resolve to Fight the Dow Liquor Law—Enjoining the Treasurer.

COLUMBUS, July 3.—A meeting of the saloon-keepers and liquor-dealers of the city was held last night to consider the question of paying the tax under the Dow liquor law. The number attending was very large, 130 putting their names on a list pledging themselves to help fight the collection of the tax. Charles Frech, the councilman from the Second ward, was called upon to preside and Fred Immel acted as secretary. The meeting was devoted entirely to business, the talking that was done being confined to the discussion of methods of fighting the law and of raising money to pay the expenses that will be incurred. It was decided to enjoin the county treasurer from collecting the tax until the Supreme court has rendered a decision in the cases already brought to test the constitutionality of the law, and to employ J. H. Heitmann, Hon. H. J. Booth and E. Clay Briggs as attorneys. The papers asking for a temporary restraining order will be filed in the Common Pleas court to-day. As the Supreme court has adjourned until September, a restraining order, if issued, will give the saloon-keepers the use of their money for some time yet. The expense of the litigation will be divided among the members of the association.

Yale College Makes a Good Financial Showing.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 3.—Pres. Porter's report gives the condition of the funds of Yale college since the last report, five years ago. During that time the university fund had been increased $162,000, and the academic fund had received accessions of $165,234. Out of this $51,000 had been paid for real estate. During that time the gifts had been the Sloan physical laboratory, worth from $50,000 to $60,000; the Dwight building, of about the same value; Lawrence college, worth $50,000; Kent chemical laboratory, worth $70,000 to $75,000. The theological school fund had been increased $152,000; the Sheffield scientific school fund $15,000. The bequests to all the departments amount to more than $1,600,000. This includes a share of the Sheffield estate, which is somewhere between $500,000 and $700,000. The total income during the last college year was $187,340, and the expenses $167,235.

A Veteran With a History.

CHARLESTOWN, W. Va., July 6.—There lives on Spring creek, Roane county, not many miles from this city, Thomas Simon, aged 94 years, who was bugler for Gen. Taylor in the Mexican war. The old man is blind, but has a clear mind and loves to relate his knowledge of the stern old, warrior. He takes great pride in telling how he used to carry letters from Jeff Davis, late president of the Confederate states, to Miss Taylor, daughter of Gen. Taylor, and return with the reply. He often drove Miss Taylor out in a buggy to meet Jeff Davis, who afterward married her. He says they were a very handsome couple, but the father of Miss Taylor was not an admirer of Davis, and forbid him keeping company with his daughter. Mr. Simon says the young folks were determined to marry, and he aided them all he could, and that the father was never any the wiser.

Worthless Insurance Policies.

MADISON, Wis., July 5.—It has been announced here that the Anglo-American Fire Insurance company of Washington, D. C., has closed up its business, and the president and secretary, it is said, have departed respectively for Europe and Australia. This is one of the companies that were doing business in this state contrary to law. It was proceeded against by the insurance commissioners, and recently judgments of about $10 000 were secured against the company in the United States court here. In order to escape the judgments, it is said, the company abandoned business.

THE CARDINAL CITY.

Imposing Ceremonies at Baltimore—Cardinal Gibbons.

BALTIMORE, June 30.—Baltimore became this morning the cardinal city of the United States, and Archbishop Gibbons was invested with the scarlet berretta, with all the magnificent ceremonial and Roman liturgy and the splendid pomp befitting his exalted rank as a prince of the holy Catholic church. Just 25 years ago to-day James Gibbons was ordained a priest in the chapel of St. Mary's seminary, in this city, by Archbishop Kenrick, and on this, his silver jubilee, he received from the hands of the venerable archbishop of St. Louis the insignia of his high dignity.

The ceremony took place in the noble old cathedral in which, as apostolic delegate, he so recently directed the deliberations of the plenary council, the most notable gathering of divines and theologians this country has ever seen, and in which has taken place many of the most imposing religious ceremonies that have occurred in the United States.

The great services of Archbishop Gibbons at the council were to-day rewarded, and the investiture of the berretta was the occason of an ecclesiastical demonstration that is not likely to be again witnessed in many years. The weather was cloudy, but pleasant. The streets near the cathedral were thronged with people to see the procession. It required a large force of police to keep the streets clear, but the best of order was maintained, and as the cardinal passed from his palace to the church the assembled thousands stood in respectful silence, with heads uncovered.

At 10:30 the students of St. Charles college, headed by a guard of honor selected from the Young Catholic Friends society and the Catholic Benevolent Legion, marched out of St. Alphonsus hall on Saratoga street. They were followed by 150 seminarians of St. Sulpice, and several hundred of the regular and secular clergy, all robed in black, with short white cossacks. They were preceded by processional cross and censor bearers, and took up the line of march to the Arch-Episcopal palace, by the way of Cathedral, Franklin and Charles streets. As the end of the line passed the palace it was joined by a noble procession of Monsignori, Mitred Abbots, Right Reverend Bishops and Most Reverend Archbishops.

Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, the apostolic delegate, was accompanied by his assistant, Thomas S. Lee, rector of the cathedral, with his chaplains, Rev. John Foley, of St. Martins, and Rev. Father Hennessy, of St. Louis. Then came Monsignor Straneiro, the papal ablegate, wearing robes of royal purple, in line with the venerable Archbishop Williams, of Boston, and last in line was his eminence, the cardinal, attended by his assistant priest, Monsignor Edward McCalgan, vicar general of the arch diocese, and his deacons of honor, the Very Rev. Alfred Magnier, superior of the Sulpician academy, and Rev. B. J. McManus, pastor of St. John's church. On the right of the last line was the Count Muccioli in the brilliant uniform of the Noble guard. He wore a short coat of scarlet cloth heavily trimmed with gold cord, tight fitting chamois trowsers, with boots, spurs and swords.

During the mass Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, made an address on the life of the new cardinal and the church in its relations to government. Rev. McBrandi, secretary to Mgr. Straneri, the papal ablegate, presented to Archbishop Kenrick the legate appointed by the pope.

THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

Condition of the Treasury—Rates of Taxation, Etc.

NEW ORLEANS, July 3.—State Treasurer Burke has arranged with nine of the associated banks of New Orleans for all funds needed to pay interest on the consolidated and unconstitutional 4 per cent. bonds of the state pending the collection of the taxes in the fall and winter.

The general appropriation bill is $300,000 less for general fund purposes than for the years 1884 and 1885, and $60,000 less than the general fund revenues for 1885, and the present tax law levied will yield a surplus, and the assessed values of the state have increased at the rate of $3,000,000 each year for ten years past.

The school fund, the levee fund and the interest fund of the state are now on a cash basis, and the legislation now nearly completed will enable the state to cash hereafter promptly. The act to levy a tax of 7 mills for the year beginning January 1, 1887, throughout the year. The revenues of the state have been largely increased by legislation and by the termination of certain litigation favorable to the state, and at the same time appropriations for the expenses of the government have been largely diminished. The action of the banks expresses the confidence of the public in the improved financial status of the state.

FAILED TO REACH CANADA.

A Bank President and Church Treasurer a Heavy Defaulter.

BOSTON, July 3.—Ten days ago some ugly rumors gained circulation on State street regarding the business methods of Richard J. Lane, president of the Abington National bank and the Rockland Savings bank, and the holder of large trusts. As the result of an investigation begun at that time, Mr. Lane was to-day arrested at Portland while on his way to Canada.

For four years he has been trustee of the estate of Washington Reed, which was appraised at $300,000 when he took charge

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

THE WEEK'S DOINGS IN CONGRESS.

State of the Appropriation Bill—The Debt Statement for June—Grover's Vetoes—News Notes.

The programme outlined by the "steering committee for the conduct of business in the House during the coming week is made up of the appropriation bills and land grant forfeiture bills. When the House meets the Appropriations committee will make an effort to have the regular suspension day passed over, in order to continue the consideration of the deficiency appropriation bill. Before final action is reached on that measure the fortifications appropriation bill will have been placed on the Calendar. As the committee has cut down the appropriations far below departmental estimates in preparing that bill, its consideration in the House is likely to lead to extended debate. The public lands committee expects to secure action upon some of its land grant forfeiture bills about the middle of the week and toward its close it is probable that while awaiting conference reports the house may act upon the Reagan inter-state commerce and Mr. Morrison's "surplus" resolution. Two evenings will be allotted to the committee on public buildings, which has bills appropriating $4,500,000 in the aggregate already on the calendar.

The time of the Senate during the week will probably be devoted to the river and harbor bill and the oleomargarine bill. The caucus planned to devote a day last week to executive business, but failed to carry out its purpose. It is understood that the case of Solicitor-General Goode, adversely reported from the Judiciary committee, is the first and knottiest of eight problems with which the executive body will attempt to wrestle. The work may be attempted this week if Sen. Hoar, who has the matter in charge, returns to Washington in time.

The following is the position of the six regular appropriation bill which still await the action of congress. The legislative bill has passed both houses and awaits the action of the conferees; the river and harbor bill is the unfinished business in the senate; the naval bill has been reported by the senate committee on appropriation and is upon the senate calendar; the sundry civil bill is before the senate committee. The general deficiency bill is under consideration in the house and the fortifications bill has not yet been reported from the house committee.

THE DEBT STATEMENT.

Showing a Decrease for the Month of June of $9,061,897.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—Following is a recapitulation of the debt statement, issued to-day:

Debt Bearing Interest.

Four and a half per cent	$ 250,000,000
Four per cent	737,759,700
Three per cent	144,016,600
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	207,800
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railway bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	$1,210,637,612
Interest	12,868,514
Total	$1,223,498,126

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 9,704,445
Interest	224,020
Total	$ 9,928,465

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	$ 346,738,461
Certificates of deposit	18,250,000
Gold certificates	76,044,375
Silver certificates	88,116,225
Fractional currency, less $8,375,924 estimated as lost or destroyed	6,954,087
Principal	$ 536,103,148

Total Debt.

Principal	$1,756,445,205
Interest	13,084,535
Total	$1,769,529,740

Deductions.

Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	$ 205,202,247
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
Total	$ 305,202,247
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,464,327,494

Recapitulation.

Net cash in the treasury	$ 75,191,109
Debt less cash in treasury July 1, 1886	1,389,136,384
Debt less cash in the treasury June 1, 1886	1,398,198,281
Decrease of debt during month	9,061,897

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 76,044,375
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	88,116,225
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	18,250,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	18,999,871
Fractional currency	2,667
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 205,202,247

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$ 28,904,681
Minor coin	777,814
Total	$ 29,682,495
Certificates held as cash	83,241,320
Net cash balance on hand	75,191,109
Total cash in treasury as shown by treasurer's general account	$192,917,171
Net increase in cash	2,510,871

Approved by the President.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—The President has approved the act to reduce the fee for domestic money orders for sums not exceeding $5; the act making allowances for clerk hire to postmasters of the first and second class postoffices; the military appropriation bill; the postoffice appropriation bill; the agricultural appropriation bill; the army appropriation bill; the act granting leave of absence to employes in the government printing office; the act providing for the completion of the public building at El Paso, Tex.; the act providing for the completion of the public building at Hannibal, Mo.; the act providing for a public building at Savannah, Ga.; the act relating to the public building at Peoria, Ills.; the act relating to the public building at Des Moines, Ia.; the act for the relief of the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf Railroad Co.; the act authorizing the Cheyenne & Northern Railway Co. to build its road across the Fort Russell and Fort Laramie reservations; the act providing for additional barracks at the southern and western branches of the National Home for disabled volunteer soldiers; and the act for the relief of the officers and crew of the lighthouse tender Lily.

Jeffersonian Simplicity and Pension Bills.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—The House being in committee of the Whole on the sundry civil appropriation bill, Hepburn, of Iowa, criticised the items appropriating an aggregate of about $29,000 for new furniture for the executive mansion, for the care of the greenhouses at the White House, and for general incidental expenses. What, he asked, could the present head of the administration, who wished as he was to Jeffersonian simplicity, want with $29,000 for furniture and flowers. The President would not tolerate such useless expenditure. It was known that when he served himself to the thankless duty of vetoing the pension bill of some 60 destitute soldiers or widows, he was constrained by his official duty and Jeffersonian simplicity. Yet these pension bills aggregated less than $7,000—one-fourth of the sum which this committee was trying to force upon him to expend for furniture and flowers.

Mr. Randall remarked that the bill appropriated $16,000 for repairs and furniture for the executive mansion, while in 1883, $20,000, and in 1884, $25,000, had been appropriated for a like purpose, so that the committee was in the line of Jeffersonian simplicity. Next year perhaps it would do better. The committee should remember that there was a very able housekeeper at the White House now. [Laughter and applause.]

Pending further action the committee rose.

Bills Approved—Pension Vetoes to be Contested in the House.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The President has approved the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill, the act authorizing the Denison & Washita Valley railway company to construct and operate a railway through the Indian territory, and five private pension bills. He also vetoed one private pension bill.

The House committee on invalid pensions has resolved to attempt to pass over the President's veto the bill granting a pension to drew J. Wilson, of New York, and Mr. Mason for to-day reported the measure back to the House, giving notice that it would be called up to-morrow. It appears from the report of the committee that Wilson was drafted into the army, notwithstanding his allegation that he was suffering from deafness and an eye complaint. In the service, he contracted rheumatism and kidney disease, on which he based an application for pension. His application was rejected by the Pension bureau, on the ground that he was disabled before enlistment, which was also the reason for the veto. The committee take the position that under the circumstances the government is estopped from setting up the claim of prior disability.

Commissioner Black to the Mother of a Colored Soldier.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—The following rather curious letter from Gen. Black, Commissioner of Pensions, to the mother of a colored soldier, has just come to light, and seems to show that the present Commissioner of Pensions is imbued with an undue hatred to the colored race. The letter is as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, PENSION OFFICE, WASHINGTON, ——, 1886.—(Southern Division; C. W. C., Examiner. No. 299,899; mother of Arnold Shaw, Company H, Seventeenth Regiment United States Colored Troops.)

SIRS: This claim for pension has been rejected on the ground that as the claimant was a slave at the time of the soldier's death she was not dependent upon him for support at that time.

Very respectfully,

JOHN C. BLACK, Commissioner.

To Jacob R. Griffin & Co., Nashville, Tenn.

How Gen. Black could have fallen into this mistake is the strange part of it. The colored soldier, Arnold Shaw, enlisted in August, 1863. At that period there was no slaves in the United States, unless Gen. Black proposes to override the emancipation proclamation of Pres. Lincoln.

The old colored woman had four sons in the Union army. This one was shot to death in defending the old flag, and she received her son's bounty, $100. If the evidence was sufficient to give her that, why not enough to give her the widow's pension of $12 per month allowed in similar cases.

Cleveland and the Old Soldiers.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—An old soldier who has been 17 years in the Sixth Auditor's office, and who has never had a charge or complaint of any sort made against his official conduct or efficiency, was dismissed without cause Wednesday. After he had recovered from his consternation at the unexpected blow, he went to Sixth Auditor McConville to ask the reason of his dismissal, and was rudely informed that it was simply because he was not wanted any more. Then he went to Assistant Secretary Smith, made a similar inquiry, and received a similar reply. "Has there been any complaint of my efficiency?" he asked. "Not that I know of," was the answer. "Then why was I discharged?" "Simply because your room was better than your company," and then the clerk who had served 17 years in office without complaint went off to read that portion of the President's message in which he promised that those clerks who attended faithfully to their duties would not be dismissed.

A Widow's Pension.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—Sen. Miller presented a petition of Daniel T. Schenck Post, G. A. R., of Fulton, N. Y., asking that the bill to pension the widow of Capt. Daniel T. Schenck may become a law, notwithstanding the veto of the President. The petition is largely signed, and sets forth that petitioners are aware that the death of the husband of the claimant was the result of service in the army; that the widow could apply for a pension while in good financial circumstances, and that when reduced in fortune she filed her application, but, being unable to comply with certain technicalities of law, her claim was rejected, and she then appealed to Congress to grant her what she was justly entitled to.

The Des Moines Veto Sustained by the House.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The President's veto of the bill to quiet the titles to land in the valley of the Des Moines river, in Iowa, came up in the House yesterday. After a short debate a motion was made to refer the bill to the committee on Judiciary, but that failed, and the vote as to whether or not the bill should pass, the objections of the President to the contrary notwithstanding, also failed for want of the constitutional two-thirds majority. The yeas were 161 and the nays 92. A change of eight votes from the negative to the affirmative would have passed the bill over the President's head. The action of the President in this matter is a great outrage upon the poor settlers upon the lands in question. A powerful lobby, backed by a wealthy New York corporation, has for years fought the passage of a bill like that just vetoed, and been successful until the present Congress, and just as the day of deliverance for the poor settlers a New York President plays into the hands of the aforesaid wealthy corporation, and nullifies the act of justice rendered by Congress after so many years of patient waiting.

The Pan-Electric Suits Will Cost About $300,000.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Three documents in the nature of reports will be presented to the House by the Pan-Electric Telephone committee, but as neither will be signed by a majority of the committee, technically speaking, there will be no "report" before the House for action. The report drawn up by the chairman will be signed by himself and Messrs. Oates, Eden and Hall, all Democrats. Mr. Ramsey has decided to sign the report of Messrs. Millard, Hanback and Moffet, all Republicans, to his report, while Mr. Hall, Democrat, has presented his views in an individual report.

In the report signed by the Republican members, testimony is cited to show how the Pan-Electric company was organized and three and a half millions of its stock given away gratuitously in the names of their names and reputation. The opinion of Sen. Garland, that the Rogers patent does not infringe on the Bell patent, is quoted with the statement that it had been gotten because the Pan-Electric could not sell rights without it, and it was, as it was intended to be, the inducements which led large numbers to come forward to buy the very large amount of which was divided with Mr. Garland and his associates. At the same time the Pan Electric knew their instruments did infringe on the Bell patent.

The report then refers to the postal telegraph bill, as explaining the motives of the Pan Electric organizers, and states that two millions of the stock was held by members of Congress when it was expected that the bill would be the subject of legislative action.

It is charged that the Pan-Electric people, including Mr Garland, tried to get Congressional endorsers for their scheme, and the influence of the stock it touches upon the effort to secure the appointment of young Rogers as House electrician. It is alleged that Sens. Garland and Harris and Gen. Johnston busied themselves personally to accomplish this.

The report estimates the expense of the suits tried on its merits, at not less than $300,000.

Randall's Tariff Bill.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Morrison says that Randall's tariff bill will increase customs receipts more than $75,000,000, and decrease internal revenue receipts at least $30,000,000. When asked what would be the fate of the bill in the Ways and Means committee, he said he did not know, but presumed that the committee would treat it as it had treated his bill—take what it thought was good out of it, and report it to the House, and leave out what it thought was bad.

PROHIBITION IN GEORGIA.

The Saloonists Discouraged—Selling Liquor by the Quart.

ATLANTA, July 2.—To-day drinking is from supplies bought Wednesday, and Prohibitionists say they expect a decrease in drunkenness until the liquors now on hand are drank up, which they think will be in about two weeks.

Several bars have taken out license to sell domestic wines by the quart, but only a few bottles have been sold to-day, and bar-keepers are discouraged.

A number of traveling people wanted drinks at the Kimball House, but were not accommodated. Some of them swore. Several wholesale houses have unexpired licenses which run until fall, and are selling liquor by the quart and over. They are all ordering fresh stocks.

There is a general disposition to obey the law, especially as Prohibitionists are determined to enforce it at all hazards.

Mayor Hillyer, Police Court Judge J. A. Anderson, all the Criminal court judges and the State Supreme court judges are strong Prohibitionists, and law-breakers will get the limit. The Atlanta City Brewery has sold no beer to-day, and is in doubt as to its course. It will be ruined by prosecutions if it proceeds, and will be ruined if it stops its Atlanta business. It has $150,000 invested. The law allows the sale of nothing but domestic wines and cider by the quart, and pure alcohol for medicine, mechanical and scientific purposes.

Goes to the State.

NEW ORLEANS, July 6.—In the famous Kate Townsend will case, Judge Houston rendered a decision, decreeing the will of Kate Townsend in favor of Troisville Sykes null and void, because Sykes was guilty of ingratitude (he having killed Kate Townsend), and thereby forfeited all benefits of the will, and giving judgment in favor of the state of Louisiana, decreeing the state to be the heir at law of deceased.

A WORD ABOUT PENSION VETOES.

They Are Becoming Too Numerous—The Reasons Given Are Entirely Too Flimsy—It Is Time to Call a Halt.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—The Senate Committee on Pensions, in its report recommending the passage over the President's veto of the bill granting a pension to Mary J. Nottage, says: "So great has become the number of such vetoes interposed by the present Executive, all within a few weeks past, and so extraordinary the censure, sometimes rudely expressed, and in nearly every instance severely implied, of the action of the two Houses of Congress and of their committees upon which has devolved t hewearisome and generally unappreciated labor of investigating these claims, accompanied in many cases by such ridicule of, and evident disgust with, the claims themselves, that your committee feel that they are justified in a brief review of the circumstances involved. In doing this a strong effort will be made to restrain an unnatural feeling of indignation, which, if permitted to assume the proportions which the provocation justifies, would wholly destroy those respectful forms of expression which must be maintained in official intercourse between the different officers and departments of the government. This becomes the more necessary in proportion as it is rendered the more difficult by reason of the unjust and unexampled style in which some of the messages of the President are expressed. It shall be the effort of the committee to get on in this difficult matter without violating the courtesies of official intercourse by imitating an example which so far as we are aware is without precedent, and which, so far as we are concerned, shall remain so."

The committee proceeds to show that 26 per cent. of the Senate bills and only 8½ per cent. of the House bills submitted to the President have been vetoed, and says it is not insensible to the special condemnation which this disparaging contrast inflicts. "Much criticism" they report, "sometimes, has been indulged in by the President of the methods of legislation pursued by the two Houses of Congress, and however uninformed he may be upon the subject, and however unintentionally by reason of want of knowledge he may have misrepresented to the country the methods of legislation which have been pursued in like cases even since congresses and parliaments have existed, and which have since parliaments became free, been safe from kingly and presidential interference, all the same the people are misled by the unwarranted statements of the President as to the manner in which legislation upon pensions, claims, and the like, is and of necessity must be conducted. * * * The pension business of the Senate has never been better done than during this session. Those members of the committee who have performed the most have been as careful as any, and derision of their patient, conscientious, and exhausting labors to help along these noblest and best portions of God's poor and the country's benefactors can originate only in a wise and noble nature which is misled, or in one that, if informed, sadly needs reconstruction."

The report embodies a copy of instructions by the assistant secretary of the Interior to the commissioner of pensions, as follows: "Please cause the same to be critically examined, and report to this department whether in your opinion, any objections to their approval are known to exist. In cases where objections exist they should be specifically set forth." This indicates, the committee says, unmistakably that the President relies upon the commissioner for his facts.

The report continues: "Why the President should initiate this game of shuttlecock, and pelt a co-ordinate department of the government with vetoes based upon the review of the action of Congress by some subordinate of the commissioner of Pensions is a topic which we have not thought, but perhaps may be left without discussion. Why the finding of the two Houses of Congress should be discredited and attributed to unworthy motives, indifference or incapacity, while the reassertion by the Pension clerk that he is right and Congress wrong is accepted as the basis of the figure in the numerous vetoes, it is hard to perceive. But all through these vetoes there seems to run the fallacy that the power of Congress to grant pensions is limited to what may already be done by the pension office under the general law. It is difficult to write in that rudimentary way upon the nature of pensions and the various forms of compensation, charity, and public policy which is necessary in order to remove this impression. It is sufficient to observe that the jurisdiction of the legislative power of this government is larger than that of the commissioner of pensions, and if sometimes or later, although it may cost the country a prolonged and steady effort, this truth will become apparent. But it should be remembered that in a very large number of these bills passed by Congress important original written evidence is filed with the committees or presented verbally, as in hearings before other committees upon all public questions which come before legislative bodies, and often the applicant is present with his statement and his palpable disabilities. This evidence is not available to the executive, at least without the asking, and never has been in possession of the Pension office. Consequently, in nearly every case the Congressional statement stands upon stronger proof than the finding of facts which the President sets up in disapproval of the bill."

FIRING ON THE FLAG.

Chicago Anarchists Who Should Be Taught a Lesson.

CHICAGO, July 6.—The American flag was fired on yesterday by anarchists, as it was flying over a procession in the northwestern part of the city. The flag was carried by a procession of Norwegians from the north side. They were on their way to a picnic, given by the Norwegian Sangerfest. At one point, where the sidewalks were crowded with people, men in the crowd suddenly drew their revolvers and fired directly at the flag. Six bullets went through it. Emil Nelson was hit in the neck by a spent ball, which inflicted a slight flesh wound. The marching Norwegians started on a double quick, holding the stars and stripes proudly aloft. Several bullets whizzed past them, and they were much alarmed, fearing another riot like the Haymarket. There were no police in sight. The procession made a rapid march to the park in Jefferson. There the affair was reported to the police.

Robbed Her Old Mother.

CINCINNATI, July 2.—Mrs. Florentine Rother, an aged lady living at No. 191 Livingstone street, yesterday swore out a warrant against her daughter, Mrs. Hulda Burtel, of No. 71 Green street. Mrs. Rother had $490 in cash, and for safe-keeping hid it between the two mattresses of the bed. A few days afterwards she was visited by her daughter. When Mrs. Rother went to look for the money it was gone. Suspicion at once fell upon Mrs. Burtel, who was yesterday arrested by Detectives Kushman and White. She indignantly denied taking the money. Detective Kushman searched her house yesterday evening, and in the carpet, in two rolls, found the stolen cash. The detective next saw the woman in her cell at central station. She finally broke down, began to cry, and confessed all. The recovered money amounted to $510—$20 more than Mrs. Rother thought she had.

America's Contribution to the Home Rule Cause—$35,000.

DETROIT, July 2.—When the second reading of the home rule bill was defeated in Parliament, it was promised that $1,000 would be sent as campaign expenses for each Irish member voting for it. The following cable dispatch was sent from here to-day to Mr. Parnell:

"Five thousand pounds more transmitted your trustees. The league in America is more than good to its engagements.

"CHARLES O'REILLY, Treasurer."

This makes £17,000, or $85,000 sent by Dr. O'Reilly within a week—or $1,000 for each Irish member who voted with Parnell for the second reading.

An Officer Attacked by Twenty-one Tramps.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, July 1.—Officer Price, of the Milwaukee road, was attacked by a gang of 21 tramps in the Milwaukee railway yards last night. After a desperate encounter he managed to arrest one of them. During the fight Price was knocked down and seriously wounded about the head with a coupling pin. One of the tramps, named Thomas Scott, was shot through the arm. The tramps disarmed Price, who hastened to a neighboring house, secured another weapon, and went in pursuit of them, capturing one. The police were apprised, and officers captured sixteen of them, who are held on the charge of assault with intent to kill.

An Omaha Scandal.

OMAHA, Neb., July 6.—Mrs. Mary Hall, of this city, has brought suit against A. Castellar, of Blair, Washington county, this state, for $20,000 damages. She charges improper relations, and that Castellar sent her to Chicago, where she was delivered of a still-born child. It is said prominent Omaha and Blair people will be drawn into the case. It is probably the most sensational scandal ever brought into Nebraska courts, and no compromise is probable.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

His Reception in London—Reference to the "Dark Clouds," Etc.

LONDON, July 2.—Henry Ward Beecher preached yesterday in the City Temple. He was introduced to the audience by Dr. Parker, pastor of the City Temple. When the two clergymen stood up the entire audience rose to their feet and welcomed the American divine with cheers that continued for several minutes, the women waving their handkerchiefs and applauding with their hands. Mrs. Beecher occupied a prominent pew in the front part of the auditorium.

Dr. Parker, in introducing Mr. Beecher, referred to "the dark clounds" which formerly hovered over Mr. Beecher's head. "The English," he said, "then sympathized with him."

Mr. Beecher replied with much feeling, saying he was much touched by the kindness of the English people toward him, and that when the dark clouds hovered over him, he did not see them, because it "pleased God to raise up a rainbow so that I only saw the clouds as they were sinking below the horizon."

Mr. Beecher, after the sermon, offered up a prayer. In this, he asked a blessing for the Queen; that her majesty might have long life and greater influence, "thus leading the empire to a higher and more glorious civilization." He also prayed for "greater wisdom for the Queen's counsellors."

The building was densely thronged. Mr. Beecher made an excellent impression. It is certain that the Tories will make political use of Mr. Beecher's prayer for greater wisdom among the ministers.

London Papers on Beecher's Sermon.

LONDON, July 5.—The *Chronicle* and *News* are the only papers that pay any attention to Beecher. The *Chronicle* says: "The proceedings were hardly as decorous as desirable in a place of worship when divine service is being conducted, many of the reverend's illustrations being received by the closely packed congregation with loud laughter. There was nothing, however, either in the text or its treatment to provoke hilarity. Beecher is a venerable looking gentleman. In his opening prayer his voice was almost inaudible."

The *News* in the course of a column account says: "At the doors there was a scene of free squeeze that on any day but the Sabbath would deserve the title of free fight. * * * It was a sermon of great power, emphatic expression, strong personality, and with all its other characteristics subordinate to the leading one, its dominating will. The preacher seemed much in earnest, and not the least so in many of his humorous effects. * * * It is strange preaching. We are not called upon to estimate its spiritual value. With perhaps the notable exception it was unlike anything we are accustomed to here. In its strength, tendencies, and humor, and above all, its self-confidence, running sometimes into a kind of irreverent audacity, it has all the qualities of the spiritual soil from which it springs."

THE NEW CANADIAN PARTY.

Synopsis of the Resolutions Adopted—Free Trade Advocated.

MONTREAL, July 2.—The Canadian independence debate was resumed in the Young Men's Reform convention yesterday, and it was moved that the consideration of the question of Canada's independence be postponed until next year's convention. The motion was voted upon, and carried. A protest, signed by several members, was filed, declaring that such an important question should not be deferred without the main motion being put.

Resolutions were adopted condemning the government for employing the public funds for the purpose of assisting emigrants from the old country to settle in Canada; declaring that all restrictions on the trade and commerce of the Dominion are detrimental to the best interests of the people, and that it is an absolutely necessary step toward the more equitable government of Canada that, at the earliest possible moment, the tax on coal, flour and other necessaries of life, and on raw materials for manufacture should be abolished; expresses its sympathy with the gallant efforts now being made by Gladstone, Parnell and their followers to grant to the people of Ireland a parliament to manage their local affairs; that Manitoba lands be handed over to the province on such conditions as are just and equitable; that this convention is convinced that no settlement of the respective fishing rights of Canada and the United States will prove satisfactory unless the policy of England in the negotiations is based on the recommendation of the Canadian government, ignoring all previous encroachments of the Federal government upon the rights of the provinces; declaring that the right of the province of Manitoba under the British-North American act to charter railways within its boundaries should not be interfered with; that no member, solicitor or employe of a corporation, seeking or receiving land or money subsidies or other pecuniary advantages from the government should be permitted to sit or vote in Parliament; that this convention is strongly in favor of a treaty of reciprocity with the United States.

A motion to abolish the Senate was carried by a vote of 55 to 26, the negatives being in favor of reforming it. A resolution favoring the appointment of a board of arbitration was also passed.

The Irish Question.

LONDON, July 5.—The Conservatives have gained seventeen seats, the Unionists one seat and the Gladstonians nine seats. The Tories unexpectedly won in South Lincolnshire, where the Gladstonian candidate, owing to sudden illness, failed to qualify. Mr. Gladstone has written a letter in which he says it is impossible for British legislation to proceed until the Irish question is settled. The position to-night presages a crushing defeat for Mr. Gladstone, unless he obtains a larger country vote than in November. The burghs are declaring against home rule. The most ominous is the revolt of the Glasgow Radicals. Of the seven contests in Glasgow the Unionists carried four. Of twenty-one London polls declared to-night the Unionists received fifteen and Gladstone six.

Prostrated with Trichiniasis.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 2.—Violent trichiniasis has prostrated Frederick C. M. Lautz, a wealthy soap manufacturer of Buffalo, together with his wife, three children, and servant girl. Yesterday afternoon the servant purchased beef and pork at a respectable market, and prepared a dish of hash for the evening meal. Later the whole family was seized with violent pain, followed by purging and other unmistakable signs of trichiniasis. Dr. Brayton spent the night with them, and to-day believes they may all be saved yet. Not one of the family is out of danger. The girl says she simply warmed the hash, not heating it sufficiently to kill germs. The doctor says "the pork was not permeated with trichinæ, else all would have died. The youngest child was the last to be taken by the terrible sickness.

Railway Postal Clerks.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 3.—A meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood of Railway Postal Clerks will be held in this city on Friday, which promises to be largely attended. Advices have been received from all subordinate lodges, with two exceptions, stating that representatives will be present. The object is to select a committee to visit Washington and wait on the postmaster general for the purpose of procuring from him a definite statement as to what the clerks may expect in future as to their official tenure. An officer of the brotherhood states that this committee will surely be sent, despite the action already taken by the department in removing clerks, and the intention of the organization will not be changed, even should further removals be made before the meeting of Friday.

A Swim for Life—Four Men Drowned.

BOSTON, July 3.—The schooner yacht Pelican, of East Boston, capsized yesterday afternoon, when ten miles off Swampscott, while on the way to Marblehead to witness the yacht race. The six men on board crawled upon the keel when the boat turned bottom up. After a few minutes the boat pitched suddenly, and sank. The six men started to swim ashore. After keeping together for about a mile, one suddenly threw up his arms, and crying, "Oh, God, I can't stand it!" he sank. The others dared not look around, but swam desperately on. Another and another dropped behind and sank, until only two remained afloat. The last two were about to give up in despair, when two men in a dory discovered them and dragged them, nearly dead, into the boat. The names of the lost are: Thomas Crane, John McGeevy, Hugh Donohoe, and William Curran.

A Disgusted Anarchist.

CHICAGO, July 1.—Thomas Greif, the saloon-keeper at 54 West Lake street, the former headquarters of the anarchists, has informed States Attorney Grinnell of his intention of returning to Bavaria. Greif alleges that he has been subjected to indignities and insults by the police, and that he has been sorely persecuted by the authorities. Meetings of citizens in his building have been broken up, he says, and the police placed a contrivance under his sidewalk which they refused to permit anyone to see, and then threw it into the lake, after which they pronounced it a bomb, or infernal machine.

THE NEW LEAGUE.

Council No. 1 Organized at Chicago—Objects of the League.

CHICAGO, July 2.—Council No. 1, of the Conservators' League of America, was organized in this city last evening. The League is the outgrowth of the present strained condition between labor and capital, and the members of the League think the time has come when some action should be taken to prevent the paralysis of business by labor strikes.

It appears that the organization is to be composed of "men who believe in the supremacy of the law, and are willing to join in putting in motion a great moral force to uphold the law, and conserve alike the rights of the employer and the employed; to protect business from disorders and from all unlawful interference, and to promote a better understanding of the true relation of the employer and the employe, maintaining the rights of each, and adjusting the differences.

It is proposed to form branch councils all over the country, and to create a supreme body that will govern the subordinate organizations. At the meeting yesterday only about a dozen members were present. A draft of the constitution having been made, the same was read, and, with slight amendments, adopted. The fees and dues demanded are simply for the expenses of the league.

The league is a secret order, but from what has been learned it is believed that it is closely allied to the Law and Order League mentioned in the St. Louis dispatches of yesterday. Regarding the latter organization, several Knights of Labor interviewed said that, inasmuch as the fact of the organization had become public, there was no use now in denying it, but that of any of the inside workings they could not tell.

The superintendent of a prominent detective agency said: "It is true that there has been, and is, agitation for such an order. After the failure of Powderly to make his point with Gould in the strikes on the Southwest system, there were a great many members of the Knights of Labor who were dissatisfied, and they withdrew from the Knights. These men, with members of the Legion of Honor, various laboring men who had not before belonged to any society, numerous railroad employees, and others, now form the Law and Order party. I don't know whether politics enter into the organization or not, except in so far as labor is directly concerned. It originated at Sedalia, Mo., and the organizers are very anxious to extend it, but I don't believe they have succeeded in gaining a very strong foothold in Chicago."

CHICAGO ANARCHISTS.

Ladies Raising Money to Defend the Indicted Men.

CHICAGO, July 3.—In the town of Jefferson, Spies, Parsons, Schwab, and the other anarchists appear to be looked upon with great favor. Citizens of Jefferson are showing their sympathy for the indicted dynamiters in a substantial manner. For a week past a subscription paper has been publicly circulated for a defense fund for anarchists. The collections reached $500 yesterday. The money was delivered to the treasurer of the fund for the Central Labor Union. Only one subscription on the entire list was more than $1. It was by the ladies' branch of the Turnverein society, of Jefferson. The ladies gave $25, and specified that they desired it to go chiefly to the defense of Spies. Fred Engihart, justice of the peace for Jefferson, is down for $1, and his wife and a Mrs. Blum, both members of the Turnverein, secured the $25 donation by that society.

The most important action by the labor organizations of the city against the anarchists since the Haymarket riot was taken by District Assembly No. 24 of the Knights of Labor meeting, last night. A series of resolutions was passed calling upon all local assemblies of the district to expel anarchists who may belong to them, and ordering them to admit none of the ilk hereafter. The assembly has over 110 local assemblies on its rolls, and its action will tend to cool down some of the rampant anarchists who have been endeavoring to use the order to work up sympathy and assistance for the eight prisoners now on trial in the criminal court.

THE POSTAL CLERKS.

A Secret Meeting at Indianapolis—Committee Sent to Washington.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 2.—The executive committee of the Brotherhood of Postal Clerks held a meeting here to-day. About fifty delegates, representing all divisions of the order, were present, and the proceedings were conducted with the utmost secrecy. Several hours were spent in discussing a motion to send a telegram to Postmaster General Vilas asking whether he would receive a committee which should be authorized to present the grievances of the clerks, and the motion was finally adopted. This telegram was sent, but no answer was received.

Another meeting was held in the evening, and it was decided, notwithstanding Mr. Vilas's failure to answer their inquiry, to send a committee of two to Washington for the purpose indicated. Final action of the Brotherhood will depend on the reply the Postmaster General makes to this committee. The committee will go to Washington sometime next week.

Gloomy Reports from Dakota Wheat Fields.

FARGO, Dak., July 2.—Reports received the past two days from a great number of points in the No. 1 hard wheat region are much less favorable than heretofore. Outside of Cass and a few river counties serious and rapidly increasing injury from British legislation to proceed until the Irish question is settled. The position to-night presages a crushing defeat for Mr. Gladstone, unless he obtains a larger country vote than in November. The burghs are declaring against home rule. The most ominous is the revolt of the Glasgow Radicals. Of the seven contests in Glasgow the Unionists carried four. Of twenty-one London polls declared to-night the Unionists received fifteen and Gladstone six.

Prostrated with Trichiniasis.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 2.—Violent trichiniasis has prostrated Frederick C. M. Lautz, a wealthy soap manufacturer of Buffalo, together with his wife, three children, and servant girl. Yesterday afternoon the servant purchased beef and pork at a respectable market, and prepared a dish of hash for the evening meal. Later the whole family was seized with violent pain, followed by purging and other unmistakable signs of trichiniasis. Dr. Brayton spent the night with them, and to-day believes they may all be saved yet. Not one of the family is out of danger. The girl says she simply warmed the hash, not heating it sufficiently to kill germs. The doctor says "the pork was not permeated with trichinæ, else all would have died. The youngest child was the last to be taken by the terrible sickness.

Railway Postal Clerks.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 3.—A meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood of Railway Postal Clerks will be held in this city on Friday, which promises to be largely attended. Advices have been received from all subordinate lodges, with two exceptions, stating that representatives will be present. The object is to select a committee to visit Washington and wait on the postmaster general for the purpose of procuring from him a definite statement as to what the clerks may expect in future as to their official tenure. An officer of the brotherhood states that this committee will surely be sent, despite the action already taken by the department in removing clerks, and the intention of the organization will not be changed, even should further removals be made before the meeting of Friday.

A Swim for Life—Four Men Drowned.

BOSTON, July 3.—The schooner yacht Pelican, of East Boston, capsized yesterday afternoon, when ten miles off Swampscott, while on the way to Marblehead to witness the yacht race. The six men on board crawled upon the keel when the boat turned bottom up. After a few minutes the boat pitched suddenly, and sank. The six men started to swim ashore. After keeping together for about a mile, one suddenly threw up his arms, and crying, "Oh, God, I can't stand it!" he sank. The others dared not look around, but swam desperately on. Another and another dropped behind and sank, until only two remained afloat. The last two were about to give up in despair, when two men in a dory discovered them and dragged them, nearly dead, into the boat. The names of the lost are: Thomas Crane, John McGeevy, Hugh Donohoe, and William Curran.

A Disgusted Anarchist.

CHICAGO, July 1.—Thomas Greif, the saloon-keeper at 54 West Lake street, the former headquarters of the anarchists, has informed States Attorney Grinnell of his intention of returning to Bavaria. Greif alleges that he has been subjected to indignities and insults by the police, and that he has been sorely persecuted by the authorities. Meetings of citizens in his building have been broken up, he says, and the police placed a contrivance under his sidewalk which they refused to permit anyone to see, and then threw it into the lake, after which they pronounced it a bomb, or infernal machine.

A Divorce Granted to a Dead Man.

NEW YORK, July 2.—An interesting divorce case now being tried in this city is that of Kitty V. Derrickson, who sues to have set aside a decree of divorce against her in 1885. The facts disclosed are that the couple were married in 1873, and lived together for ten years, when the husband accused the wife of unfaithfulness. He induced her to sign a separation agreement, by which he was given the children, with the condition that if he ever learned that the charges he made against her were false, the children were to be returned to her. Subsequently he sued for divorce, and made out a case by default. Motives in case upon which the court granted the decree on February 3, 1885, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At 10 o'clock on the morning of that day Mrs. Derrickson alleges the husband died, and she now demands that the divorse be set aside, having been granted to dead man. Considerable property and the custody of the children is understood to hinge upon the decision in the case.

A Mine on Fire.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., July 2.—When the miners employed at the Knickerbocker colliery, near here, went to work this morning, a large volume of smoke was seen from the month of the slope which prevented their entrance. The mine was then entered by another entrance, and the engine house at the foot of the slope was discovered to be in flames. Work was suspended at the colliery, and all the hands that could be sent down were put to work to extinguish the flames, which by that time had spread to the coal and threatened the destruction of the colliery. All the force that can be concentrated on the work is now fighting the flames. The origin of the fire is not known.

Cows Dying of Hydrophobia.

CAIRO, Ill., July 3.—Twenty or thirty cows have died of what is supposed to be hydrophobia in Ballard county, Ky., and many more are dying. The diseased cattle suddenly become frantic, bellow with pain, and fight with each other. Men on horseback have been chased by them. The cattle die in spasms and frothing at the mouth, within 24 hours after being taken sick. Two dogs supposed to be mad were killed a few weeks ago near Hinkleyville, and it is thought they may have spread the disease.

The Father of 24 Children Commits Suicide.

TROY, N. Y., July 3.—William Henry, a somewhat noted character and the father of 24 children by two wives, committed suicide in Greenbush last night, by cutting his throat with a razor. He has threatened for months to kill himself, and a long time ago he wrote off minute directions for his interment. He was about 75 years old. He was apparently in comfortable circumstances, but was tired of life.

SAM JONES IN MICHIGAN.

**His Talk About